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## THE CONSTELLATION.

## PARTING WORDS.

Awaken from thy slumbers,  
My harp so long unstrung,  
And breathe the softest numbers  
Thy tender chords among!  
Yet 'mid thy music blending,  
Let sadder feelings tell,  
For Beauty's car is bending  
To mark my long farewell.

In brightest hours of gladness,  
When I thy strings would thrill,  
Subduing notes of sadness  
Have mingled thro' them still;  
But chiefly now I falter  
To strike the last adieu,  
And kneeling at her altar,  
Beseech her blessing too.

For in those visions airy—  
My young heart's magic land,  
She was the queenly fairy  
To sway me with her wand;  
Yet, down my soul and smother  
The thoughts that aching swell;  
Perhaps she owns another—  
To her and hope—farewell!

Alas! those wreaths of flowers  
That cluster'd round my head,  
While roaming through joy's bowers,  
Are withered and dead!  
Still, lingerings of essence  
Shed round some healing balm,  
And even in woe's presence  
My spirit feels a calm.

Aye, Memory has bidden  
Fondly, a silken chain,  
And scenes, that were o'er-shaded,  
Are brought to light again;  
On each bright link I ponder,  
Recalling times gone by,  
While feelings, prone to wander,  
Own the dear, tender tie.

The days of my romancing—  
They all are over now,  
Fancy has ceased her glancing,  
And Care has knit my brow;  
I fear that all the roses  
Ordain'd for me to tread,  
Are press'd—and Fate discloses  
The rankling thorns instead!

But cease my heart repining  
At Fate's decree, severe!  
And Beauty's eye is shining,  
Perhaps—through pity's tear;  
O would its joyous beamings  
But pierce thy heavy gloom!  
With joy amid its gleamings,  
I could invite my doom.

Yet in my bosom raging,  
Lit by that ray so warm,  
A fire that scorns assuaging,  
Glow's fiercer through the storm—  
Yes—Margaret, I love thee,  
With feelings, oh, as true  
As Heaven's blue above thee!  
O Earth's eternal hue!

But thou canst not reward me  
Aught but a careless smile,  
So henceforth I'll regard thee  
As one, who many a mile,  
Having wandered benighted,  
Looks on the evening star,  
And thanks the ray that lighted  
His weary way so far.

And when beyond these mountains  
Reluctantly I've turn'd,  
Where far off from thy fountains  
My ashes may be urn'd,

Believe me I'll remember  
The form and mind so fair,  
Till life's last flick'ring ember  
In woe has ceased to glare.

Farewell—at eve or morning  
The memory of thee  
Shall be the light adorning  
The clouds encircling me;  
Though a happier address thee,  
And win thy yielding hand,  
I'll never cease to bless thee,  
Thou of the Angel band!

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.  
NUMBER XXXII.

THE KORAN.—According to some Eastern authors, Mahomet wrote the first divine revelations he received on some broad dried bones; nor has a vulgar tradition been afraid to add, that the bones—were those of an ass. A prettier tradition, and which is more likely to be true, says that the verses of the Koran were written by his disciples on leaves of the palm-tree, which were thrown without order into a coffer. It was not till after the death of Mahomet, that the whole was united into a volume; but a confusion of arrangement, which has never been entirely corrected, was inevitable.—*The Armenians.*

FASHION.—Is not this "Fashion" a noble divinity to possess such zealous adherents?—a pitiful lackey—like a creature which struts through one country with the cast-off finery of another.—*Devereux.*

HONE THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.—When he resided at Brompton, he had for a neighbor a shoemaker, who had accumulated by his business an independence. This man had determined to build a garden wall so high as utterly to exclude the only look-out that had hitherto enlightened Hone's suburban residence. He stoutly remonstrated with the shoemaker against the impropriety,—nay, the illegality of his conduct; but he was obdurate and deaf to his remonstrance; the offensive wall still continued to gain in height. About this time Judge Nares was sitting to Hone for his portrait, and had sent his praetorian robes for the purpose of copying his costume. This favorable opportunity furnished the artist with an expedient to indulge his pleasantry and to carry his point. Accordingly, he dressed up Mr. Platt (who was then his pupil), in all the dignity of a Judge, and the paraphernalia of legal learning. Hone introduced his friend to look at his neighbor's encroachment; and the Judge, with all wisdom and becoming gravity of character, pronounced, in the hearing of the shoemaker, that the whole "must come down, if Mr. Hone should determine to proceed in due course of law, according to the statute." This sentence, uttered from under a great wig, had such an effect of terror upon the poor man, that he left his wall in the state it then was. Few practical jokes have been found more successful.—*Arted. of Artists in Lib. of Fine Arts.*

EASTERN LUXURY.—In Bartolomeo's Voyage to the East Indies, he says, that the heat at Calcutta is so excessive, that the Company's clerks, when writing letters, "are obliged to sit naked, immersed up to the neck in large vessels, into which cold water is continually pumped by slaves from a well!"

SPANISH THEATRICALS.—To the defects of composition is added the total want of scenic deception; the negligences, unpardonable absurdities in the costumes and decorations, and the most perfect ignorance of the subject in those who perform the several characters. In a piece called the "Death of Hector," I have seen the hero of Greece, and the defender of Troy, appear, the one in a dragoon's uniform, and the other dressed as a hussar; King Priam in a French habit, ornamented with the insignia of the Order of Charles III; and the beautiful Andromache in the fashion of the present time. A detachment of grenadiers, under arms, with bayonets fixed, composed the armies of the Greeks and Trojans. The scene represented the field of battle; in the distance was to be seen the unfortunate Ilium, whose towers were changed into steeples. A roll of the drum gave the signal for engagement, and Hector announced as he was dying that the play was concluded, by saying "a qui s'aba la comedia." I could not help indulging the fancy of diverting myself a little at the expense of the manager. I observed to him, that Achilles and Hector fought with *pistols* and not with swords. He frankly confessed that he was unacquainted with this circumstance; thanked me for my information, and promised to correct the error the first time the piece should be played again, and he kept his word. In

another play called "Aristotle, the Preceptor of Alexander," I have seen the philosopher in the costume of a bishop, with the pastoral cross; the conqueror of the Persians in a modern habit, with a red ribbon to distinguish him from Philip, whose Order was blue, and the Princesses in Spanish habits. The scene should have been the interior of the king's palace; but it was a forest.—*St. Sauveur's Travels.*

PICTORIAL TASTE.—Cawthorne, the bookseller, would not treat with Henry for the purchase of a history of the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, because he had no views to accompany it. "Nay, sir," said he, "I have recently refused from a Scotch author as well written a book as ever I read, and for the same reason: the public prefer books with pictures in them."—*Note to Zimmerman's Reflections.*

DIPLOMATIC MORAL PRINCIPLE.—When St. Evremont went to thank Cardinal Mazarin for having released him from the Bastille, the minister said "that he was persuaded of his innocence, but in the post he occupied, they were obliged to listen to so many things, it was very difficult to distinguish the true from the false."—*Desmaizeau's Life of St. E.*

SOLITUDE.—Whenever a man is not abstinent from rule, or from early habit, solitude makes its votaries particularly fond of their dinner. They have no other event wherewith to mark their day—they think over it, they anticipate it, they nourish its soft idea with their imagination; if they do look forward to any thing else more than dinner, it is—supper!—*Eugene Aram.*

THE SHAMROCK.—It is difficult to say what the plant is which the Irish denominate the Shamrock.—They seem to make no discrimination between the various species of the trefoil. Some think the Shamrock is white clover (*Trifolium repens*), and others the wood sorrell (*Oxalis acetosella*). The Irish terms for the *trifolium repens* are scamara-oge, shamrog, and shamrock. This is no doubt the true Shamrock of Ireland.

LORD NELSON.—His egotism went far beyond that of any of his "great competitors." Not that he talked much of his feats, (for "little would he have graced his tale in speaking of himself;") but he listened with the frankest approbation to the verse or song that celebrated his exploits; assisting at his own apotheosis with as much devotion as any of the votaries who brought incense to his altar. There was nothing so characteristic, as the scenes in which he and Lady Hamilton exhibited together, adoring and adored; during that short epoch of their fashion, which policy or caprice granted them, in spite of the frailty and vulgarity of the one, and the very obvious intellectual mediocrity of the other. The stage was generally some saloon of supreme *bon-ton*; the audience, the members of the exclusive circles; and the prima donna, Lady Hamilton, whose ample person seemed to dilate before the piano-forte, while her fine full eyes were turned languidly on the hero of her theme and inspiration, and she sang at the top of her Poll of Plymouth voice, the adulating ode, or the deifying cavatina. Meantime, the conquering hero "leaned over her, enamoured," beating chorus, beating time, and echoing every paean, raised to his own glory by London lyrists and Neapolitan laureates.—*Lady Morgan's "Book of the Bonheur."*

EASTERN FAULISTS.—Though passionately fond of public exhibitions, the Persians have none that deserve the name of theatrical entertainments: but, though strangers to the regular drama, their stories are often dramatic; and those whose occupation it is to tell them, sometimes display so extraordinary a skill, and such varied powers, that we can hardly believe, while we look on their altered countenances and listen to their changed tones, that it is the same person, who at one moment tells a plain narrative in his natural voice, then speaks in the hoarse and angry tone of offended authority, and next subdues the passions he has excited by the softest sounds of feminine tenderness. The art of relating stories is attended both with profit and reputation. Great numbers attempt it but few succeed. It requires considerable talents and great study. None can arrive at eminence except men of cultivated taste and retentive memory. They must not only be acquainted with the best ancient and modern stories but be able to vary them by introducing new incidents, which they have heard or invented. They must also recollect the finest passages of the most popular poets, to aid the impression of the narrative by appropriate quotations. The person whose office it is to amuse his Majesty with these stories, is always in attendance. It is equally

his duty to beguile the fatigue of a long march, and to soothe the mind when disturbed by the toils of public affairs; and his tales are artfully made to suit the dispositions and momentary humour of the Monarch. Sometimes he recites a story of the genii; at others he speaks of the warlike deeds of former sovereigns, or of the love of some wandering prince. Often the story is of coarser materials, and the King is entertained with low and obscene adventures.—*Malcolm's "History of Persia."*

NANCY DAWSON.—She was a dancer at Covent Garden Theatre, previous to the accession of George III; and in 1760 transferred her services to the other house. On the 23d of September in that year, the "Beggars' Opera" was performed at Drury-lane, when the play-bill thus announced her: "In Act III, a hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first appearance here." It seems she was engaged to oppose Mrs. Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house. That her performance of it was somewhat celebrated, may be inferred from the circumstance of there being a full-length print of her in it.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

BATAVIAN INCREEDULITY.—Sir W. Temple mentions, that a Dutch Governor of Batavia, who lived much with one of the most considerable inhabitants of Java, could never obtain any credit with him, after having mentioned that in Holland water became a solid body.

CHARLES XI.—Baron Grothusen, his favorite Secretary, was, though contrary to the custom of persons in that station, as fond of giving as his master. He once brought him an account of sixty thousand crowns in two lines:—

"Ten thousand crowns given to the Swedes and Janissaries by the generous orders of his Majesty; the rest given by myself."

"It is thus," said the King, "that I should like to have my friends to give in their accounts; Mullern (the Chancellor) makes me read whole pages for the sum of ten thousand livres. I like the laconic style of Grothusen much better.—One of his old officers, who was suspected of being covetous, complained that his majesty gave all to Grothusen: "I give money," replied the king, "to none but those who know how to use it." His generosity frequently reduced his finances to such a low ebb, that he had not wherewithal to give. A better economy in his acts of liberality would have been as much for his honour and more for his interests; but it was the failing of this prince to carry all the virtues beyond their due bounds.—*Feltre's Life of C.*

Mr. and Miss Kemble, accompanied by Mrs. Kemble, arrived yesterday from London, by the United Kingdom steam-ship. Mrs. Kemble accompanies her husband and daughter to Liverpool, where she bids them farewell. Mr. and Miss Kemble sail for America the latter end of July. They commence an engagement for twelve nights at our Theatre on Monday next.—*Edinb. pap.*

We regret exceedingly says a late London paper that Mr. Galt, the novelist, has had an attack of paralysis, which confines him to his room. The attack has settled in his lower limbs, and strong hopes are entertained that Mr. Galt will soon recover the use of them; but his illness is most unfortunate at this particular moment, as it will interrupt his active and praiseworthy schemes of emigration to Canada, by means of the New-Canada Company, of which he is the founder.

We understand that Messrs. Gray and Bowen, of this city, are about putting to press a collection of the works of the late Sir James Mackintosh. Some of them have already been republished in this country, and we doubt not that a collection embracing all or nearly all of the productions of this distinguished writer, and warm friend of America, will be favorably received.—*Boston paper.*

The African Expedition has not yet sailed, though it was expected to have done so last week. It will probably leave Liverpool in a day or two. The steamboats, one of which is composed of iron, are two of the latest and most elegant that we ever saw, and have been very generally admired.—*Liverpool, July 19.*—In order to obviate the risk of carrying the cholera to Africa, the vessels are to remain at Milford for a week or ten days, to ascertain that the infection is not on board.

A noble Deserter.—The son of a Peer of the realm was a few days since apprehended in Bond street, as a deserter from a marching regiment, and, as such, handed over to duance vile.—*Morn. Herald.*

DIED.—Recently, at Clifton after a short illness, Miss Anna Maria Porter, the popular Novelist.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

(Concluded.)

By this time it had begun to breeze up again, and as the wind rose, I could see the spirits of the crew fall, as if conscious they had no chance if it freshened. When we went on deck, Paul was still peering through the telescope.

'The schooner has tacked, sir.' A dead silence; then giving the glass a swing, and driving the joints into each other with such vehemence as if he would have broken them in pieces, he exclaimed, 'She is after us, so sure as I ben't a nigger.'

'No' is she though? eagerly enquired the captain, as he at length seized the spy-glass, twisting and turning it about and about, as he tried to fit his own very peculiar focus. At length he took a long, long, breathless look, while the eyes of the whole crew, some fifteen hands or so, were riveted upon him with the most intense anxiety.

'What a gaff-top-sail she has got—my eye!—and a ringtail with more cloth in it than our square sail—and the breeze comes down stronger and stronger!'

All this while I looked out equally excited, but with very different interest. 'Come, this will do,' thought I; 'she is after us; and if old Dick Gasket brings that fiery sea-breeze he has now, along with him, we shall puzzle the smuggler for all his long start.'

'There's a gun, sir,' cried Paul, trembling from head to foot.

'Sure enough,' said the skipper; 'and it must be a signal. And there go three flags at the fore—She must, I'll bet a hundred dollars, have taken our tiny little Wave for the Admiral's tender that was lying in Morant Bay.'

'Blarney,' thought I; 'tily as your little Wave is, she won't deceive old Dick—he is not the man to take a herring for a horse; she must be making signals to some man-of-war in sight.'

'A strange sail right a-head,' sung out three men from forward all at once.

'Didn't I say so?—I had only thought so.' 'Come, Master Obediah, it thickens now, you're in for it,' said I.

But he was not in the least shaken; as the matter grew serious, he seemed to brace up to meet it. He had been flustered at the first, but he was collected and cool as a cucumber now, when he saw every thing depending on his seamanship and judgment. Not so Paul, who seemed to have made up his mind that they must be taken.

'Jacobel Brandywine, you are but a widowed old lady, I calculate. I shall never see the broad, smooth Chesapeake again,—no more peach brandy for Paul; and folding his arms, he set himself doggedly down on the low taffrail.

Little did I think at the time how fearfully the poor fellow's foreboding was so soon to be fulfilled.

'There again,' said I, 'a second puff to windward.' This was another signal gun I knew; and I went forward to where the captain was reconsidering the sail a-head through the glass. 'Let me see,' said I, 'and I will be honest with you, and tell you if I know her.'

He handed me the glass at once, and the instant I saw the top of her cones above the water, I was sure from the red cross in her foresail, that she was the Firebrand, the very corvette to which I was appointed. She was so well to windward, that I considered it next to impossible that she should weather Mr. Obediah, seemed determined to try it. After seeing his little vessel snug under mainsail, foresail and jib, which was as much as she could stagger under, and every thing right and tight, and all clear to make more sail should the breeze fall, he ordered the men below, and took the helm himself. What queer animals sailors are! We were rising the corvette fast; and I on going aft again from the bows, where I had been looking at her, I sent my eye down the hatchway into the men's berth, and there were the whole crew at breakfast, laughing and joking, and enjoying themselves as heartily, apparently, nay, I verily believe in reality, as if they had been in a yacht on a cruise of pleasure, in place of having one enemy nearly within gun shot astern, and another trying to cut them off a-head.

At this moment the schooner in chase luffed up in the wind, and I noticed the foot of the foresail lift. 'You'll have it now, friend Obed; there's at you in earnest.' While I spoke, a column of thick white smoke spouted over the bows of the Glean, about twenty yards to windward, and then blew back again amongst the sails and rigging, as if a gauze veil had for an instant been thrown over the little vessel, rolling off down the wind to leeward, in whirling eddies, growing thinner and thinner, until it disappeared altogether. I heard the report this time, and the shot fell close alongside of us.

'A good mark with that apple,' coolly observed the captain; 'the long Tom must be a tearer to pitch its mouthful of iron this length.'

Another succeeded; and if I had been still pinned up in the companion, there would have been no log now, for it went crash through it into the hold. 'Go it, my boys,' shouted I; 'a few more as well aimed, and heigh for the Firebrand's gun-room!'

At the mention of the Firebrand I thought Obed started, but he soon recovered himself, and looking at me with all the apparent composure in the world, he smiled as he said, 'Not so fast, Lieutenant; you and I have not drank our last glass of swizzle yet, I guess.

If I can but weather that chap a-head, I don't fear the schooner.'

The corvette had by this time answered the signal from the Glean, and had hauled his wind so, that I did not conceive it possible that the Wave could scrape clear without coming under his broadside. 'You won't try it, Obed, surely?'

'Answer me this, and I'll tell you,' rejoined he. 'Does that corvette now carry long 18's or 32-pound carronades?'

'She carries 32-pound carronades.'

'Then you'll not sling your cat in her gun-room this cruise.'

All this time the little Wave was carrying to it gallantly, her jibboom bending like whiplash, and her long slender topmasts whipping about like a couple of fishing-rods as she thrashed at it, sending the spray flashing over her mast-heads at every pitch; but notwithstanding her weatherly qualities, the heavy cross sea, as she drove into it, heeded her off badly, and she could not prevent the Glean from creeping upon her weather quarter, where she peppered away from her long 24-pounder, throwing the shot over and over us.

To tack, therefore, would have been to run into the lion's mouth, and to bear up was equally hopeless, as the corvette, going free, would have chased her under water; the only chance remaining was to stand on, and trust to the breeze taking off, and try to weather the ship, now about three miles distant on our lee-bow, braced sharp up on the opposite tack, and quite aware of our game.

As the corvette and the Wave neared each other, he threw a shot at us from the boat gun on his top-gallant forecastle, as if to ascertain beyond all doubt the extent of our insanity, and whether we were serious in our attempt to weather him and escape.

Obed held right on his course, like grim Death. Another bullet whistled over our mast-heads, and with the aid of the glass, I could see by the twinkling of feet, and here and there a busy peering face through the ports, that the crew were at their quarters fore and aft, while fourteen marines or so were already rigged on the poop, and the nettings were bristling through the whole length of the ship, with fifty or sixty small-arm men.

All this I took care to communicate to Obediah. 'I say, my good friend, I see little to laugh at in all this. If you do go to windward of him at all, which I greatly doubt, you will have to cross his fire-boat within pistol-shot at the farthest, and then you will have to rasping his whole broadside of great and small, and they are right well prepared and ready for you, that I can tell you; the skipper of that ship has had some dedication, I guess, in the war on your coast, for he seems up to your tricks, and I don't doubt but he will tip you the stem, if need be, with as little compunction as I would kill a cockroach, devil confound the whole breed! There,—I see his marines and small-arm men handling their fire-locks, as thick as sparrows under the lee of a hedge in a snow-storm, and the people are training the bull-dogs fore and aft. Why, this is downright, stark staring lunacy, Obed; we shall be smashed like an egg-shell, and all hands of us whipped off to Davy from your cursed fool-hardiness.'

I had made several pauses in my address, expecting an answer, but Obed was as mute as a stone. At length I took the glass from my eye, and turned round to look at him, startled by his silence.

I might have heard of such things, but I had never before seen the working of the spirit so forcibly and fearfully demonstrated by the aspect of the outward man. With the exception of myself, he was the only man on deck, as before mentioned, and by this time he was squatted down on it, with his long legs and thighs thrust down into the cabin, through the open skylight. The little vessel happened to carry a weather helm, so that his long sinewy arms, with their large veins and leaders strained to cracking, covered but a small way below the elbow by his jacket, were stretched as far as they could clutch the tiller to windward, and his enormous head, supported on his very short trunk, that seemed to be countersunk into the deck, gave him a most extraordinary appearance. But this was not all; his complexion, usually sallow and sunburnt, was now ghastly and blue, like that of the corpse of a drowned man; the muscles of the neck and the flesh of the cheeks and chin were rigid and fixed, and shrunk into one half of their usual compass; the lips were so compressed that they had entirely disappeared, and all that marked his mouth was a black line; the nostrils were distended, and thin and transparent, while the forehead was shrivelled into the most minute, and immovable wrinkles, as if done with a crimping instrument, while over his eyes, or rather his eye, for he kept one closed as if it had been hermetically sealed, he had lashed with half a dozen turns of spun-yarn a wooden socket, like the butt-end of an opera-glass, fitted with some sort of magnifier, through which he peered out a-head most intensely, stooping down, and stretching his long bare neck to its utmost reach, that he might see under the foot of the foresail.

I had scarcely time to observe all this, when a round shot came through the head of the mainsail, grazing the mast, and the very next instant a bushel of grape from one of the bow-guns, a 32-pound carronade, was crashed in on us a-midships. I flung down the glass and dived through the companion into the cabin—I am not ashamed to own it; and any man who would undervalue my courage in consequence, can never, taking into consideration the peculiarities of my situation, have

known the appalling sound, or infernal effect of a discharge of grape. Round shot in a broadside is a joke to it; musketry is a joke to it; but only conjure up in your imagination a shower of iron bullets, of the size of well grown plums, to the number of from sixty to one hundred and twenty, taking effect within a circle, not above ten feet in diameter, and that all this time there was neither honour nor glory in the case, for I was a miserable captive—and I fancy I may save myself the trouble of further enlargement. I found that the crew had by this time started and taken up the planks of the cabin floor, and had stowed themselves well down into the run, so as to be as much out of harm's way as they could manage, but there was neither fear nor flinching amongst them; and although totally devoid of all gasconade, on the contrary they had taken all the precautions men could do in their situation, to keep out of harm's way, or at least to lessen the danger, there they sat, silent and cool, and determined. I shall never undervalue an American as an enemy again, thought I. I lay down on the side of the little vessel, now nearly level as she lay over, alongside of Paul Brandywine, in a position that commanded a view of Obed's face, through the small scuttle. Ten minutes might have elapsed—a tearing crash—and a rattle on deck overhead, as if a shower of stones had been thrown from aloft on it.

'That's through the mainmast, I expect,' quoth Paul.

I looked from him to the Captain; a black thick stream of blood was trickling down behind his ear. Paul had noticed it also.

'You are hurt by one of them splinters, I see; give me the helm now, Captain,' and, crushed down as the poor fellow appeared to be under some fearful and mysterious consciousness of impending danger, he nevertheless addressed himself to take his Captain's place.

'Hold your blasted tongue,'—was the polite rejoinder.

'I say, Captain,'—shouted your humble servant, 'you may as well cut peace with a pitchfork, as try to weather him. You are hooked man, flounder as you will. Old Nick can't shake you clear—so I won't stand this any longer, and making a spring, I jammed myself through the skylight, until I sat on the deck, looking aft, and confronting him, and there we were stuck up like the two kings of Brentford, or a couple of smiling cherubs on one stalk. I have often laughed over the figure we must have cut, but at the time there was that going on that would have made Cæsar himself look grave. I had at length fairly aroused the sleeping devil within him. 'Look out there, Lieutenant—look out there,'—and he pointed with his sinister claw down to leeward. I did so—when—what a sight for poor Master Thomas Cringle! 'You are hooked for an outside place, Master Tom,'—thought I to myself—for there was the corvette in very truth—she had just tacked, and was close ahead of us, on our lee quarter, within musket shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing, multitudinous sea, surging along her sides, and washing up in foam, like snow flakes, through the midship ports, far aft on the quarter deck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipelay. The press of canvas she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompon out, open mouthed at us; and above all the clean, well stowed white hammocks filled the nettings, from taffrail to cathead—oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed, inclined to say good-by to the bolt-ropes, bending the masts like willow wands (as if the devil determined) to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddlesticks to play a spring with, on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays,) and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the outwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were have clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying every thing up to the house-holes, and driving the brine into mist, over the fore-top, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sunbeams in momentary rainbows. We were so near, that I could with the naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men. There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered, with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage.

There they were in groups about the ports, (I could even see the captains of the guns, examining the locks,) in their clean white frocks and trowsers, the officers of the ship, and the marines, clearly distinguished by their blue or red jackets. I could discern the very sparkle of their epaulets.

High overhead the red cross, that for a thousand years 'has braved the battle and the breeze,' blew out strong from the peak, like a sheet of flickering white flame, or a thing instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign halyards, and to escape high into the clouds: while, from the main-royal-mast-head, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light. Oh! it was a sight most beautiful to see; as the old song hath it—but I

confess I would have preferred that pleasure from other side of the hedge.

There was no hailing nor trumpeting, although as we crossed on opposite tacks when we first weathered her, just before she hove in stays, I had heard a shrill voice sing out, 'Take good aim, men—Fire!' but now each cannon in thunder shot forth its glance of flame, without a word being uttered, as she kept away to bring them to bear in succession, while the long feathery cloud of whirling white smoke, that shrouded her sides from stem to stern, was sparkling brilliantly throughout with crackling musketry, for all the world like fire flies in a bank of night fog from the hills, until the breeze blew it back again through the rigging, and once more unveiled the lovely craft in all her pride and glory. 'You see all that?' said Obed. 'To be sure I do, and I feel something too! for a sharp rapping jar was repeated in rapid succession three or four times, as so many shot struck our hull, and made the splinters glance about merrily; and the musket-balls were mottling our top-sides and spars, plunging into the timber, *whit, whit!* as thick as you ever saw school boys plastering a church-door with clay-pellets. There was a heavy groan, and a stir amongst the seamen in the run. 'And pray, do you hear and see all that yourself, Master Obed? The iron has clonched some of your chaps down there—Stay a bit, you shall have a better dose, presently, you obstinate old—'

He waved his hand, and interrupted me with great energy—'I dare not give in, I cannot give in; all I have in the world swims in the little hooker, and strike I will not so long as two planks stick together.'

'Then, quoth I, 'you are simply a———, cold blooded, calculating scoundrel,—have I will never rat you! I saw he was now rising to the quick.'

'Lieutenant, smuggler as I am, don't gild me to what worse I may have been; there are some deeds done in my time, which at a moment like this I don't much like to think upon. I am a desperate man, Master Cringle; don't, for your own sake, as well as mine, try me too far.'

'Well, but———' persisted I. He would hear nothing.

'Enough said, sir, enough said; there was not an honest trader nor a happier man in all the Union, until your infernal pelaging and burning squadron in the Chesapeake captured and ruined me; but I paid it off on the prize-master, although we were driven on the rocks after all. I paid it off, and, God help me, I have never thriven since, *enchy* although he was. I see the poor fellow's face yet, as I—'. He checked himself suddenly, as if aware that he might say more than could be conveniently retracted. 'But I dare not be taken; let that satisfy you, Master Cringle, so go below—below with you, sir—I saw he had succeeded in lashing himself into a fury—or by the Almighty God, who hears me, I shall be tempted to do another deed, the remembrance of which will haunt me till my dying day.'

All this passed in no time, as we say, much quicker than one can read it; and I now saw that the corvette had braced up sharp to the wind again, on the same tack that we were on; so I slipped down like a cat, and once more stretched myself beside Paul, on the lee side of the cabin. We soon found that she was after us in earnest, by the renewal of the cannonade, and the breezing up of the small arms again. Two round shot now tore right through the deck, just beneath the harboard coamings of the main hatchway; the little vessel's deck, as she lay over, being altogether exposed to the enemy's fire, they made her whole frame tremble again, smashing every thing in their way to shivers, and going right out through her bottom on the opposite side, within a dozen streaks of her keel, while the rattling of the clustered grape-shot every now and then made us start, the musketry all the while peppering away like a hail shower. Still the skipper, who I expected every moment to see puffed away from the tiller like smoke, held upon deck as if he had been bullet-proof, and seemed to escape the hellish tornado of bullets of all sorts and sizes by a miracle. 'He is an old rogue with the old one Paul,' said I; 'howsoever, you must be maddened, for you see the ship is fore-reaching on you, and you can't go on t'other tack, surely, with these pretty eye-lets between wind and water on the weather side there? Your captain is mad—why *will* you, then, and all these poor fellows, go down, because *he* dare not surrender, for some good deed of his own, eh?'

The roar of the cannon and noise of the musketry made it necessary for me to raise my voice here, when the small, gentle, like Dionysius's ear, conveyed unexpectedly to my friend, the captain, on deck.

'Hand me up my pistols, Paul.'

It had struck me before, and I was now certain, that from the time he had become so intensely excited as he was now, that he spoke with a pure English accent, without the smallest dash of Yankeeism. 'So so: I see—no wonder you won't strike, you renegade, cried I.

'You have tampered with my crew, sir, and abused me,' he announced in a stern, slow tone, much more alarming than his former fierceness, 'so take that to quiet you; and deuce take me if he did not, the moment he received the pistols from his mate, fire slap at me, the ball piercing the large muscle of my neck on the right side, missing the artery by the merest accident. Thinking I was done for, I covered my face with my hands, and commended myself to God, with all the resignation that could be expected from a poor young fellow in my grievous circumstances, ex-



peering to be cut off in the *prima vera* of his days, and to part forever from —. Poor, that there line is not my forte. However, finding, the hemorrhage by no means great, and that the wound was in fact slight, I took the captain's rather strong hint to be still, and lay quiet, until a 32-pound shot struck us bang on the quarter. The subdued force with which it came, showed that we were widening our distance, for it did not drive through and through with a crash, but lodged in a timber; nevertheless it started one of the planks across which Paul and I lay, and pitched us both with extreme violence bodily into the run amongst the men, three of them lying amongst the tallest, which was covered with blood, two badly wounded, and one dead. I came off with some slight bruises; however, not so the poor mate. He had been nearest the end or *but* that was started, which thereby struck him so forcibly, that it fractured his spine, and dashed him amongst insensates, shrieking piercingly in his great agony, and clutching whatever he could grasp with his hands, and tearing whatever he could reach with his teeth, while his hands below his waist were dead and paralyzed. — Oh, Christ! water, water, he cried, "water for the love of God, water!" The crew did all they could; but his torments increased — the blood began to flow from his mouth — his hands became clay-colour and powerless — his features sharp, blue, and death-like — his respiration difficult — the choking death-rattle succeeded, and in ten minutes he was dead.

This was the last shot that fell — every report became more and more faint, and the musketry soon ceased altogether.

The breeze had taken off, and the Wave, resuming her superiority in light winds, had escaped.

#### LORD BYRON AND MADAME DE STAEL.

The magic of Byron's name has given so much attraction to almost every thing respecting him, that the most trivial and otherwise uninteresting matters are sought for and brought before the public. Amongst some recent examples of the operation of the Byron mania, is the publication of a journal of Conversations with his Lordship by the Countess of Blessington; in which, however, with a good deal of very barren material, we find some matters of interest. That best answering this description is contained in the following extract — 1824.

"Talking of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. 'Shaded down to you instead of conversing with you,' said he, 'never pausing except to take breath; and during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted.' This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed any answer made to his reflections. 'Madame de Staël,' continued Byron, 'was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, and a very little excited; and her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was round, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavored to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics; she had an idea by which she could guide her path — the imagination that led her into her difficulties could not get her out of them; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defect, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes she got into. 'Then dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day at table with a large party, when the butler (I believe you ladies call it) of her corner served its way through the top of the forest, and would not descend, though pushed by all the force of both hands of the waiter, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unseathed the butler. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any indiscretion on *la decence Anglaise*. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines —

"Qui de son sexe a pas l'esprit,  
De son sexe a tout le malheur."  
She thought like a man, but alas! she felt like a woman."

Madame de Staël, continued Byron, 'had peculiar satisfaction in impressing on her auditors the severity of the persecution she underwent from Napoleon: a certain mode of engaging her was to appear to doubt the extent to which she wished it to be believed this had been pushed, as she looked on the persecution as a triumphant proof of her literary and political importance, which she more than insinuated Napoleon feared might subvert his Government. This was a weakness, but a common one. One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and perse-

cuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it.'

I could not suppress the smile that Byron's reflections excited, and, with his usual quickness, he instantly felt the application I had made of them to himself, for he blushed, and half angry, and half laughing, said — 'Oh! I see what you are smiling at; you think that I have described my own case, and proved myself guilty of vanity.' I allowed that I thought so, as he had a thousand times repeated to me, that he was feared and detested in England, which I never would admit. He tried various arguments to prove to me that it was not vanity, but a knowledge of the fact, that made him believe himself detested; but I, continuing to smile, and look incredulous, he got really displeased, and said, 'You have such a provoking memory, that you compare notes of all one's different opinions, so that one is sure to get into a scrape.' Byron observed, that he once told Madame de Staël that he considered her 'Delphine' and 'Corinne' as very dangerous productions to be put into the hands of young women. I asked him how she received this piece of candour and he answered: 'Oh! just as all such candid avowals are received — she never forgave me for it. — She endeavored to prove to me that, an *extrême*, the tendencies of both her novels were supremely immoral. I began that we might not enter on 'Delphine,' as that was *hors de question*, she was furious at this; but all the moral world thought that her representing all the virtuous characters in 'Corinne' as being dull, commonplace, and tedious, was a most invidious blow aimed at virtue, and calculated to throw it into the shade. She was so excited and impatient to attempt a reparation, that it was only by my volubility I could keep her silent. She interrupted my every moment by gesticulating, exclaiming — 'Quel idee! Mon Dieu! Ecoutez, donc!' 'Vous m'impressionnez! — but I continued saying how dangerous it was to inculcate the belief that genius, talent, acquirements, and accomplishments, such as Corinne was represented to possess, could not preserve a woman from becoming a victim to an unrequited passion, and that reason, absence and female pride were unavailing.

'I told her that Corinne would be considered, if not cited, as an excuse for violent passions, by all young ladies with imagination excited, and that she had much to answer for. Had you seen her? I now wonder how I had courage to go on; but I was in one of my humors, and had heard of her commenting on me one day, so I determined to pay her off. She told me that I, above all people, was the last person that ought to talk of morals, as nobody had done more to deteriorate them. I lacked innocent, and added, I was willing to plead guilty of having represented Vice under alluring forms, but so it was generally in the world, therefore it was necessary to point it out; but that I never represented Virtue under the same and disgusting shapes of dullness, severity, and ennui, and that I always took care to represent the virtues of vice as unhappy themselves, and entailing unhappiness on those that loved them; so that my moral was unexceptionable. She was perfectly outrageous, and the more so, as I appeared calm and in earnest, though I assure you it required an effort, as I was ready to laugh outright at the idea that I, who was at that period considered the most *moralis* *objet* of the day, should give Madame de Staël a lecture on morals; and I knew that this added to her rage. I also knew that she never dared avow that I had taken such a liberty. She was, notwithstanding her little defects, a fine creature, with great talents, and many noble qualities, and had a simplicity quite extraordinary, which led her to believe everything people told her, and consequently to be continually hoaxed, of which I saw some proofs in London. Madame de Staël it was who first lent me 'Adolphe,' which you like so much: it is very clever, and very affecting. A friend of hers told me, that she was supposed to be the heroine, and I, with my *aimable franchise*, insinuated as much to her, which rendered her furious. She proved to me how impossible it was that it could be so, which I already knew, and complained of the malice of the world for supposing it possible.'

#### THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, SET FORTH UNDER THE SIMULACRUM OF A DREAM.

As I walked through the wilderness of the world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, but whether of thieves or of wild beasts I cannot tell — I think, however, it was not of wild beasts; and so I laid me down to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed in rags, standing in a certain place, with a book in his hand and a great burden on his back. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he frowned and trembled; and not being any longer able to contain himself, he broke out with most furious indignation, saying — 'This is too bad!'

Now I looked in my dream, and behold! the book which was in his hand was called 'The Extraordinary Black Book.' Moreover, I observed that the burden which was upon his back did sit there most uneasily; and he hitched it from side to side, and upwards and downwards, but all to no purpose, for it galled and fretted him most marvellously. And when I looked more attentively thereupon, I perceived that the burden consisted of a great multitude of living

animals, such as locusts, leeches, rats, vipers, and such like vermin; and that all these animals were sucking the blood out of the poor man's veins and eating the flesh off his bones, so that he was compelled to take not only nourishment enough for his own support, but also for the support of all these animals that adhered to him. Now the book that was in his hand contained a description of the animals that were fastened upon his back, and a statement of the quantity of blood and flesh that each of them drew away from his body.

As I looked, therefore, to see how the afflicted man would deport himself under this grievous burden, I observed, that being greatly distressed in his mind, he cried out, saying — 'What shall I do to get rid of these vermin?' I saw, also, that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go — and it was no easy matter to run with such a tremendous load upon his back. I looked, therefore, and saw a man named Reformer coming to him, who asked, 'Wherefore dost thou lament?' He answered, 'Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that all the weakness and weakness, and pain that I feel, arises from the ungodly crew of vermin that stick to my back, devouring the flesh from off my bones and drawing the blood from out my veins. And this book most clearly shows me that I shall never get rid of my burden so long as I dwell in the city in which I was born, and which is called the City of Corruption.'

Then Reformer said unto him, 'Dost thou not see a bright light at a great distance yonder?'

'Verily I do,' replied the man; 'and wilt thou have the goodness to explain to me what that light means?'

'That light,' said Reformer, 'is the glory of the city of Reform; and if thou wilt diligently bend thy steps thither, turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left, thou wilt find, when thou hast arrived within the walls of that city, that thy burden will fall from thy back, and that these lazy vermin that now draw the life blood from thy veins and the flesh from thy bones will henceforth become, at least some of them, servants ministering to thy necessities and contributing to thy wellbeing.'

'Alas!' said the man, 'I greatly fear that it will never be in my power to travel so long a distance with this great burden on my back. I have often had dreams and visions of that glorious city, but I never have hoped to reach it; and whenever I have set my face that way, I have found that these vermin have always tugged me back again, till I have become quite tired with their pulling and tearing, and I have been fain to set myself down again quietly in my native city of Corruption.'

The Reformer answered him, saying, 'Thou wilt certainly never reach the city of Reform, so long as thou sittest down quietly in the city of Corruption.'

Now the man knew this perfectly well, and therefore as his burden pressed him sore, and he would fain be rid of it as soon as he possibly could, he took the advice of Reformer, and grasping firmly in his hand a tough oaken staff, called the staff of Perseverance, he proceeded towards the city of Reform. Then, when his old neighbours and companions in the city of Corruption saw that he was fully bent on a pilgrimage towards the city of Reform, they came out after him to call him back, and they bade him, speak quietly in the city in which his fathers had dwelt, because he was so much satisfied and content. Some of his neighbours mocked at him and jeered him, calling him by all manner of evil names, and threatening him with execrable calamities if he should persist in following the pernicious advice of Reformer. Nevertheless he heeded them not, but went on his way, brandishing his oaken staff of Perseverance, as much as to say, that if any one threw in his way any let or hindrance, they should feel the weight of the said staff upon their heads or shoulders.

I looked again in my dream, and saw that when the general band of the scoffers had turned back, there came running out of the city two men, who overtook Pilgrim and accosted him. The name of the one was Trimmer, and the name of the other was Bully. Then Pilgrim greeted them and said, 'Good neighbours, what is your will, I pray? — are ye disposed to journey with me to the city of Reform?'

Bully said, 'No, we will not journey with thee; for thou art going after a phantom of thine own evil imagination, which will lead thee onward to destruction.'

'Nay, but, my good neighbour Bully,' replied Pilgrim with much meekness, 'accost thou not my bright and glorious light? That is the light of the glory of the city of Reform; and when I shall arrive in that city, the burden which is now upon my back will fall off, and I shall keep a little blood in my veins and a little flesh on my bones; and I shall no more be under the necessity of nourishing out of me very vile and pestiferous mass of vermin that now stick upon my back and shoulders.'

Then Bully said, 'Bah! Who told thee so?'

And Pilgrim replied, 'A man that is called Reformer told me.'

'Ay,' said Bully, 'I know Reformer of old; he is a deceitful man, and the truth is not in him. As for the book that is in thine hand, it is a book full of lies from beginning to end; and it hath been put into thine hands merely to make thee discontented with thy happy lot in the sweet city of Corruption, from whence thou art now so madly attempting to flee.'

So saying, Bully made a snatch at the book, and would fain have wrested it out of the hands of Pilgrim;

but Pilgrim withstood him, and said, 'Thou shalt not take from me the book — it is a true book, and I feel by my own experience the truth of it; for it describes to me most accurately the causes and consequences of this burden which is on my back, and which I can only get rid of in the glorious city of Reform.'

Thereupon Bully set up a loud laugh, and said, 'A glorious city indeed! Let me tell thee that that which thou callest a glorious city is a mere bog or quagmire, and that the light which thou seest is but a will-o'-wisp or Jack-o'-the-lantern, whereby thou wilt be led into miry places and into all manner of annoyances and misfortunes; and instead of getting rid of thy burden thou wilt increase it a hundred fold; and instead of those pious slugs and elegant vipers that now suck the blood so gracefully from thy veins, and eat the flesh so heartily from off thy bones, thou wilt be eaten up alive by giant, grim wolves, which are so abundant throughout that wilderness which thou callest the city of Reform.'

Then Trimmer, who had stood by twiddling his thumbs and looking first at Pilgrim and then at Bully, answered and said, 'Verily, Pilgrim, this is worth thy serious attention; for if thou shouldst find thyself in a howling wilderness or a treacherous bog instead of a glorious city, thou wilt be out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

Now Pilgrim began to be impatient, and he grasped his oaken staff more vigorously and brandished it earnestly, whereat Bully and Trimmer started back as if afraid. Then upon Pilgrim said, 'Don't be alarmed; but I tell you what — I have been tormented in the frying-pan long enough, and I am resolved to keep out of it at all events — it is better to perish in the fire than to be tortured in the frying-pan.'

Having spoken thus, he set forward again on his journey; and Bully and Trimmer continued to walk by his side and to hold converse with him, the one endeavouring to cause him to turn back again to the city of Corruption, and the other seeking to persuade him only to go half way to the city of Reform.

'My good friend Trimmer,' said Pilgrim, 'let me whisper a word in thine ear, for I see no hope whatever of Bully. Thou advise me to go but half way to the city of Reform, saying that there is a pleasant shade between the two cities, where I may get rid of my burden by degrees. Now suffer me to inform thee that there is no place on the face of the earth, save in the city of Reform, where this burden will not grow again, therefore I am fully resolved on proceeding at all events. And let me persuade thee to go with me; for in the city of Reform thou wilt find all manner of amenities and pleasures — the air is wholesome — the food is nutritious, and the commerce is free and active — so that all the necessities and comforts of life are provided for thee, if thou wilt but exercise a little diligence. There thou wilt enjoy the fruit of thine own labour, and not be compelled to nourish with thy flesh and blood such a grievous mass of vermin as we now carry on our backs.'

As Bully was a rude, ill-mannered fellow, he made no attempt of listening to what was passing between Pilgrim and Trimmer; then he rudely broke in upon them and said, 'Pilgrim, thou speakest falsely and foolishly. Ye will never get rid of your burdens at the city of Reform, and if ye did it would do you no good; nay, rather, I will convince you that ye would suffer great harm by getting rid of what ye are pleased to call your burdens. These are not burdens; they are an ornament to your body and a health to your bones. Know ye not that all the vigour and health of the body depends upon an active circulation of the blood? and these agreeable and polite companions, whom ye call vermin, are the means of promoting and quickening that circulation.'

'Thou speakest plausibly,' said Pilgrim, 'but I do not believe thee. Accompany me, I beseech thee, to the city of Reform, and then thou shalt see that my health is not impaired by losing this burden.'

Then Bully scoffed at Pilgrim, and said, 'Thou art an obstinate fellow, and I will have nothing to do with thee.' And Bully would fain have obstructed Pilgrim forcibly, but was afraid of the great oaken staff, the staff of Perseverance, which Pilgrim grasped vigorously in his hand. Then turning to Trimmer, Bully said, 'Come, neighbour Trimmer, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than the seven virgins themselves.'

Then said Trimmer, 'Don't revile; if what Pilgrim says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with our neighbour.'

'What! more fools still?' replied Bully. 'Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whether such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise!'

So saying, Bully turned back a little way, and stood watching how it would fare with Pilgrim and Trimmer. And they went on their way right merrily, singing joyful songs, and talking over all the great things that they should enjoy when they should arrive in the city of Reform. Now I saw in my dream, that as they were thus pleasantly engaged, they drew nigh unto a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt; and Pilgrim, because of the burden that was upon his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Trimmer, 'Ah! neighbour

Pilgrim, where are you now?"—"Truly," said Pilgrim, "I do not know."

At this Trimmer began to be offended, and angrily said to his companion, "Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while?—is this a specimen of the road that leads to the glorious city of Reform? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end? May I but once get out of this mess, and you may possess your fine city of Reform all alone for me—I'll have none of it."

At this instant Bully came running up to the edge of the bog, and as he saw them kicking and struggling about like two flies in a treacle pot, he felt a laughing at their right heartily—and his laugh was as loud as the Bray of a donkey; and he said, "Aha! I told you so—I guessed what you would come to! That's right, kick away, my hearties—founder about, my pretty ones! Oh, what a precious pair of ninnies! This is your glorious city of Reform!"

"Nay," replied Pilgrim, "this is not the glorious city, but yonder is the glorious city; and, by all that is good, I will make the best of my way towards it!" So saying, he grasped the oaken staff of Perseverance, wherewith he was enabled to find how deep the bog was, and by means of which he could flounder his way through it. Then he said to his companion, "Come, neighbour, take hold of this staff, and we shall soon get over this difficulty and get upon firm ground again."

But Trimmer, who did not half like the laughter of Bully, and feared that by going on with Pilgrim he should get into more difficulties, scrambled towards that side of the slough which was nearest to the city of Corruption, and by the assistance of Bully got out as well as he could; while Pilgrim by the help of his oaken staff, wherewith he could fathom the depths of the bog, managed to get out on that side which was nearest to the city of Reform.

(Remainder next week.)

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892.

### PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

The followers of Pythagoras believe that the souls of all sorts of animals, while they take upon them new bodies at their death, retain, in their state of transmigration, many of the characteristics wherewith they were distinguished in their former shape. Thus: The rat, which is caught gnawing into your premises, must, probably, in his human shape, have been a house-breaker; the cat, that spits, catterwaules, and scratches, must have been a tergatant woman; and the ass, that submits to the lash and carries burdens, one of the subjects of a despotic government. So, again: A dandy, who smells of musk, gives pretty good evidence of having formerly been a polecat; a great talker, of having once been a parrot; and a keen money broker, of having prowled about the wharves in shape of a shark.

It would be passing curious to carry out this notion of the Pythagoreans, and apply it to the characters of the beings around us, whether brute or human. It would afford work for the fancy, and exercise for the imagination. We could never, for instance, stumble over a fat porker on one of our sidewalks, but we should forthwith think of an alderman. Every fly we behold, roaming from one thing to another, and defiling whatever it touches, would remind us of a libertine. In every poor old horse, which is turned out on the highway to die, we should imagine we saw a faithful public servant, who has spent the prime of his life in the service of his country, and is thrust out at last to perish with poverty and neglect.

We see strutting before our door a cock-pigeon. His feathers are sleek and fine, presenting, as he moves, various changeable tints. Near him are sundry females, to which he is showing his gay coat, and assiduously making love. We cannot help fancying he was some famous gallant, when "a biped without feathers."

Just across the street is a squad of the canine species. Among the rest is a little dog, with his ears pricked up, and his tail cocked to the highest point. He is bristling about, snarling, and endeavoring to pick a quarrel with a large stately animal, who seems to take no notice of him. Is it not extremely probable, that this troublesome whiffet was once a little peppery Parliament man, or member of Congress, who was fond of attracting notice by assailing his betters; and that the noble dog beside him was a member of the same body, but with too much sense and character to take any notice of him? Among the squad is a terrier. We know him well. He is a keen fellow on the scent of a rat; and it is certain death to the whiskered vermin, if he once gets his paw on them. Methinks, when clad in human flesh, he must have been some predecessor or ancestor of "Old Hays."

Down the street a little is a tame crow, stalking in the gutter. His sables are sleek and glossy; he moves with great solemnity, dignity, and precision; but at the same time is evidently looking out for

something whereon to lay his beak. He was doubtless a churchman, of a very grave exterior, who thought more of the goods, than the good, of his flock.

Reader, did you ever see a peacock in a farm-yard? Bless our stars! how he spreads himself. What pains he takes to exhibit his gay feathers. He is particularly fond of showing himself to the people; and will strut for half a day at a time just in front of the house, where the inmates cannot well help seeing him. In his former state of existence, he must have been a beau of the first water—nothing less than a Nash, or a Brummell.

Again, reader, did you ever see an old hen that had but one chick—that was constantly toiling, and clucking, and scratching, and making as much ado as if she had a large brood—and all for the sake of this single fledgling? This matronly old hen must have been some fond mother, who labored and bustled, day and night, to get together the wherewithal to support—perhaps to supply the prodigality and dissipation of—an only son, and a spendthrift.

Who, that has read of the Pythagorean doctrines, might not occasionally have strange fancies in relation to animal food? When helped to a beef-steak, might he not imagine himself about to feast on the outskirt of a Judge? In eating a piece of a fat duck, he might fancy himself devouring a morsel of some short, waddling old dowager; and in discussing the wing of a partridge, he might suspect himself to be engaged on nothing less than the arm of a modest retiring belle. For our part, we never pretend to taste of an eel, lest we should chance to swallow a lot of some wriggling politician.

As it is curious, on the Pythagorean principle, to trace out the former condition of the various brute species, so it is no less amusing to consider in what shapes the different individuals of the human race formerly appeared.

A little way off is a lady of a fair exterior. Her voice is soft and gentle, her words are smooth and flattering; and she seems to be almost angelic. But wait a minute. Something has crossed the grain. Her eyes begin to flash—her face to redden—heaven! what a fury she is in! She calls her husband, and every body about her, all to naught! and seems now a very devil in petticoats. She must have been formerly some sleek tabby cat who would purr, and purr, around you, pleased with the hand that stroked her; until chancing to rub the hair the wrong way, she would suddenly fly in a rage, and spit, and scratch your eyes out.

Here is a man who is exceedingly rough in all he does. If he is to embrace you, he will squeeze the very breath out of your body. If he is merely to shake hands, he will give you such a grip as will make you cry out with pain. He never speaks without a growl. In a word, whether in conversation or in action, he is the antipodes of politeness and delicacy. It requires no great stretch of fancy to suppose, that, in his former state of existence, he was a bear.

The belles that flutter in Broadway with all their finery; and spend a great part of every fair day, displaying their beauties to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of beholders, must surely, in a former state, have been no other than gay butterflies, that sported for a summer's day, and then disappeared from the world; while those mercenary beauties, that hide mostly from the glare of day, but swarm abroad in the evening, arrayed in the most alluring style, it is easy to imagine were once so many fire-flies, that attracted the eyes of men in a different shape.

The cunning speculator, who is ever busy in looking out for bargains, and constantly endeavoring to overreach others in the way of trade—what is he, but some villanous old fox, who, having cast his skin, still retains the principal characteristics wherewith he was distinguished in his former shape?

Slanderers, it is but natural to suppose, were formerly toads, who, having ceased to spit their venom in one way, have taken upon them the improved method of venting it in another. False friends are but snakes, in a different dress; and conquerors are pikes, which, in their new, as in their old shape, delight in devouring their own species. Don Miguel is a tiger, who now, the same as when he had four legs, delights in bloodshed merely for bloodshed's sake; while the Autocrat of Russia is a cruel beast, that in his human shape still continues to worry and rend such as he can get within his power.

### COFFINED ALIVE.

That persons, during the raging of a pestilence and the hurry of burials, have sometimes been earthed alive, there is very little doubt. We have not, however, heard of any well attested case of this kind, since the commencement of the present epidemic in our city; and the story we are about to relate, avouches for no more than the coffining of a man, who, as will appear in the sequel, could not be persuaded that he was a proper subject for burial.

In the course of the disease, it has sometimes occurred, that a man, being found dead-drunk in the street, has been mistaken for a cholera patient, lifted upon a litter, and carried off to one of the Hospitals. It has been customary, in these cases, for the Medical attendants, on ascertaining the mistake, to order the drunken man to be laid in a room, used for that purpose, until he shall have slept off the fumes of liquor, and then dismiss him to take care of himself.

Two or three weeks since, a patient of this description was one evening brought to the Hospital, supposed to be nearly in the last stage of cholera asphyxia. Certain it is, that he was prodigiously blue. The doctor examined him, shook his head, and ordered him to the drunkard's room.

Besides this apartment for those who were merely dead-drunk, there was another, wherein it was customary to lay such as had actually died during the night; from whence they were to be carried away and buried the next morning. It so happened that the above mentioned patient was, by mistake, conveyed to the dead-room, instead of the drunkard's.

There he lay, unconscious of his situation, either personal or local, until the morning; when the burial cart came, and two Hibernians proceeded to the dead-room to take away the corpses. They found no other but the drunken man, who being still fast locked in the arms of sleep, they forthwith proceeded to coffin, and to nail up. They laid him in his narrow house, and began to drive the nails, when the noise awoke him. He started up, thrust off the lid, and asked them what the d—l they were about!

"We're a goin to bury ye, sure," said one of the Hibernians, endeavoring to make the man lie down again, and be decently nailed up.

"To bury me!" exclaimed the astonished drunkard.

"Ay, sure," returned the Irishman, coolly; "it's we that buries all that dies of the cholera."

"But I'm not dead!" said the patient.

"Not dead!" exclaimed the Irishman—"aint that a pretty extravagant assertion now for a corpse to make? Not dead! And sure you can't be in your right mind to say so. Come, lie down, if ye please, and we'll nail ye up and bury ye decently."

"Decently?"

"Ay, sure, as decently as the times will admit of. It isn't every man now, that can git a coffin, like yourself, to be buried up in."

"But I tell you, I'm not dead!" persisted the drunken man, struggling to get out of the coffin.

"Not dead again!" exclaimed the Hibernian, endeavoring to keep him in—"that assertion won't do here. We fetched ye out of the dead-room, where they put all the corpses; and if so be, ye aint dead, there's no confidence at all to be placed in doctor's stuff."

"Have I been under the hands of the doctor then?"

"Aint that a pretty question now for a dead man to ax?"

"D—it! I tell you, I'm not dead."

"Who knows better nor the doctor? Come, Jemmy, (addressing his brother Irishman,) you hold him down, while I nail him up. We can't be bothered here all day, no how."

As the coffined man saw there was no such thing as reasoning these honest officials out of their duty, and that he must resort to main force to save himself, he made one desperate effort, shook off the dead-cartmen, sprang from the coffin, and took to his heels.

### MARKETING.

How to distinguish *Hurtful Articles*.

Q. What's the price of these Lima beans?

A. Half a dollar a peck, sir.

Q. Half a dollar!

A. Ay, sir—I can't afford them cheaper.

Q. Half a dollar! I wonder people will bring such dangerous things into market. They're the most hurtful things in the world—there's cholera enough in that single peck of beans to kill all the people in New York. Half a dollar indeed! Why, good woman, you ought to be prosecuted for selling the cholera.

A. I must sell something for a living.

Q. How do you sell these potatoes?

A. At a shilling a peck.

Q. A shilling, eh? Well, that will do—that's not so very bad. Potatoes are not dangerous, like the Lima beans. I'll take a peck. How do you sell Turnips?

A. Sixpence a peck—cheap as the dirt they grew in. Q. Eh? Quite reasonable I think. They're very healthy too—only sixpence a peck—quite healthy.

(Proceeds to the next stand.)

These peaches look very fine. How do you sell them?

W. At a dollar a peck.

Q. A dollar a peck!

W. Exactly, sir.

Q. Have you the conscience to ask a dollar a peck for peaches?

W. They cost me three and sixpence—and I must make a little profit on them, you know.

Q. A dollar a peck! Don't you know, good woman, that them are peaches are chuck full of the cholera?

W. Chuck full of a fiddlestick! There's no more cholera in them than there is brains in your head.

Q. A dollar a peck! I'm astonished that people will expose their lives by eating peaches—at a dollar a peck!

W. Will you accept of a peck as a present?

Q. What! a peck! accept of a whole peck! Why I'm much obliged to you, good woman—very much obliged to you—and after all I don't think peaches are so very hurtful—especially such fine ones. You may put them in this basket, if you please.

W. On second thoughts I won't let you have them. They are just as full of cholera now as when I asked you a dollar; and I have too much regard for your precious life, to kill you for nothing.

A BEAR OR A TURTLE DOVE.—In giving one's opinion, there is a degree of prudence in so expressing it, as to allow a little lee-way—a few degrees of variation, without getting too far from the truth. In illustration of this prudent mode of proceeding, we have an anecdote, including a second, illustrative of the first.

Three doctors, whose names it is needless to mention here, were called to see a patient labouring under a certain complaint, upon the nature of which they could not agree. One said it was a rupture; another, that it was an abscess; while the third judiciously forebore to express any decided opinion—but said he had very little doubt that it was either a rupture or an abscess. On this the patient told a story. He said:

There was a neighbouring farmer, who had three sons. They were all nation smart boys; but the youngest, who was called Sam, was in particular famed for his judgment and penetration. He was the oracle of the family; and to his decision all matters of importance were usually referred.

One day as the father and three sons were at work in the field, they heard the dog barking at a distance, as if he had treed some species of game; and one of the elder boys was sent to see what it was. He returned without having made any discovery; and the next elder having been sent, came back with the like unsatisfactory result. It now remained for the oracle to go. He accordingly proceeded to the spot. Went round and round the tree; peered carefully into the branches; and came back with the final and important decision—That, as far as he could make out, from what he saw of the critter, he should say it was either a Bear, or a Turtle Dove.

CHOLERA ITEMS.—A very shrewd way has been invented of accounting for every case of the prevailing epidemic that takes place: which is no other than to ascribe it to the last thing eaten by the patient. It matters not what that thing is—be it what it will, it is forthwith set down as the exciting cause. Thus certain papers are every day filled with items like the following:

"A man died yesterday morning in consequence of eating a crab."

"Another was taken with the disease violently, after looking at a peach; and although immediate recourse was had to medical aid, it was with the utmost difficulty his life was saved."

"A lady, of respectable connexions and good habits, was seized with the cholera in consequence either of eating bread and butter, or dried beef—it is uncertain which. But as she ate both of these, and nothing else, with her tea, the conclusion is irresistible, that either the dried beef, or the bread-and-butter, was the immediate cause of the cholera. This should be a warning to all persons—and especially to the ladies—to be cautious how they indulge their appetites in such improper, not to say dangerous, articles of food."

"A black woman died this morning in fifteen minutes after eating three black cherries—we are positive they were not red ones."

"A sailor fell down stock stone dead, on one of the wharves on the East River, in consequence of taking a chew of plug tobacco instead of pig-tail, which was the kind he generally used."

"Having one day noticed, that a well-known dandy had disappeared from his accustomed promenade, in Broadway, we inquired the cause, and found he had died of the cholera, in consequence of eating a green pea."

"Two hogs died of the cholera in the upper part of the city, after eating a heap of potato-parings. People should not throw those things into the street to endanger the lives of the swine."

BRAVE FELLOWS.—Sundry merchants, who, a few weeks since, were nearly frightened to death with the



cholera, have returned to the city; and being a little in want of cash, have issued a circular, inviting their country friends to come in, and assuring them there is no danger whatever from the disease. "Look at us!" say they—"see how bold we are! We don't mind the cholera, any more than the snap of your thumb. It never catches any, except the drunkards and those who eat water-melons."

We would recommend the following pathetic lines (from the National Intelligencer) to the special notice of those wise and prudent persons, who, not content with choosing their own diet, take it upon them to regulate that of others.

#### THE ALTERNATIVE;

Or, an Apology for the Board of Health.

Quoth Tom to the Doctor, my poor brother Ned,  
Was yesterday taken with cramps, and is dead.  
So, so! says the Doctor, he's been eating squash,  
'Tis lemon, or ice, or such other trash.  
Ah! no sir, says Tom, he has wholly refrain'd,  
And, obeying your orders from eating abstain'd.  
What! died without eating of melon or corn?  
Alas! 'tis too true, sir, says Tom he is gone!  
Ah! well! quoth the Doctor, with some agitation,  
I have it—the poor fellow died of starvation.

**MARRYING IN A STATE OF COLLAPSE.**—The Philadelphia Gazette gives an account of a Dr. S—r, in Pennington, N. J. who was married to a Miss W—g, while in a state of collapse from the cholera. The grave presently became his bridal bed; and the new-made wife became a rich widow.

**ALIVE AGAIN.**—Our streets began to look lively once more, long phizzes began to grow shorter, and there are strong "premonitory symptoms" of returning business.

**EXCELLENT.**—The following, which we find (without credit) in one of the morning papers, is a most admirable thrust at the savage ones of a sister State. The Doctor, it is plain, understands the use of more than one sharp instrument.

**Rhode Island Quarantines.**—"Well, Doctor," said a friend the other day to the eminent Dr. C. of Philadelphia; "I hear that they have got the cholera in Rhode Island, notwithstanding all their inhuman quarantines." "No matter, no matter," said the doctor—"it can't hurt them, they've got no barrels."

**A Good Law.**—In the north part of the State, as we are informed, there is a certain township wherein large white pine stumps are exceedingly abundant; and where the inhabitants have enacted a bye-law. That whoever is drunk in said township shall be compelled to dig up one of the said stumps. The enforcement of this judicious law is said to have had a surprising effect on the morals of the place.

**THE WHISKERED MAN.**—A gentleman, who was whiskered up to the very eyes, was passing along the street the other day, when a sailor observing him, cried out to a brother tar, "D—my eyes! Jack, here's a fellow looks like a rat peaking out of a bunch of oakum."

**DEMAND FOR UMBRELLAS.**—Never was there such a demand for umbrellas as for a few weeks past—whether to buy, or to borrow, or to steal. Never was weather, not even in April, so capricious. No man considers a clear sky this minute as guarantee against rain during the next; and no prudent man thinks of crossing the street without an umbrella.

**SENSIBILITY OF A MUSICIAN.**—Pierre Lagrave, a young man of Paris, who last year received the second prize, and this year confidently expected to receive the first, for the best musical composition, on his failure being announced, fell into convulsions, and died in three hours.

**UNSALEABLE.**—In one of the daily morning papers, is a house advertised for sale, which is declared to be "contagious to the business part of the city." This can hardly be accounted a recommendation in these times, when the fear of infection is so rife.

**NEW WAY OF SPELLING.**—In the reading room of one of the principal hotels of this city, is the following label, in gilt letters: "No SmokEing in this Room."

Temple, in his recent travels in Peru, states that he shot a Condor, whose wings were forty feet across, and the barrel of each quill eight inches in circumference. What an editorial paragraph might be written with such a quill!

Few people have made any thing during these choleric times, except DEATH and the DOCTORS.

### SELECTIONS.

**Conversation between two Mutes.**—In the British metropolis, it is not an uncommon practice among certain classes of people who can afford the expense, to employ persons who act as mourners, at funerals. That this system is properly detested, may be inferred from the odium and ridicule thrown upon it, in some of the London papers. The following conversation between two Mutes, at the door of a "House of Mourning," is the faithful transcription of a dialogue overheard to take place in one of the streets of London about four months since: the names of the speakers are not given as real.

**Muggins.** What a precious time them people inside keep us waiting here! I'm blow'd if my toes isn't as cold as a corpse's nose. (Stamps with his feet.)

**Graves.** Hush! there's the woman in the two pair opposite a-watching us. We must look particular.

**Muggins.** Why, the man wot's died here warn't no sich great things. A green grocer! Pack o' garden-stuff.

**Graves.** Where's the odds? They don't mind paying on us; and things ought to be done decent, that's my motto.

**Mug.** Ay, ay! you knows how to gammon. You're up to "Queer street." Master Graves (with a knowing wink.) But, say, what a jolly day we had of it last Thuzday, at old Money-penny's, at Richmond! That was something like a job.

**Graves.** Yes, but the nuss see you out of the winder a-grinning, and took and I tould the missus of it, and might have made a row, only I said it was punch a-going by as made you laugh.

**Mug.** Ha, ha, ha! I likes a bit o' fun. Where's the good of a man's looking as if his trade didn't agree with him?

**Graves.** Come, I say, no larkin' now. There's them at number height alookin' out on us. Stand square, mate.

**Mug.** Ay, ay, toes out, chin up, and eyes down. What are they at inside with the old un. I wonder, that they han't got him ready for his close coach yet? Precious dry job this—now I should like a drop o' summat short. I wish Bill would come out; I'd get him to hold my staff, while I run into Barrow's, at the corner there.

**Parish Wif.**—Parish affairs seldom possess much wit in themselves, or prove a source of it in others. Two exceptions to the rule occurred lately in one of the west end parishes. A vestryman having been summoned to a vestry, "to elect churchwardens and try the engines," gave vent to the following:

That both our chiefs will make a speech  
There's no such thing as doubting;  
So engines and churchwardens too  
Will try their hand at spouting.

Still more recently a parishioner was called upon to subscribe towards the erection of a pump; the sum allotted by the parish for sinking the well having been expended without coming to a spring, he gave his subscription enclosed in the following:

Of our churchwarden's prudent plan  
Let no one be a thwarting;  
They're very right to raise the wind,  
Though they can't raise the water.

East Anglian.

**Rev. C. C. Colton.**—Perhaps no man ever possessed a better tact at writing than the Rev. Mr. Colton; and perhaps no man ever more abused his faculties, or departed more essentially in his practice from his preaching. His *Lacon* has been considered a masterpiece both in style and sentiment, and has been a model of imitation for more authors than perhaps any other work extant. Even the poor "item" makers of the present day attach a double consequence to any wandering thought which may chance to resemble *Lacon*, even though it may be one among a thousand which Lord Timothy Dexter would have despised.

As the Rev. Mr. Colton has gone beyond the reach of either praise or detraction, an impartial sketch of the leading incidents of his life may not be uninteresting. He was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards minister at Kew. He wrote several small works of little note, but in 1820 he published his celebrated *Lacon* which commanded universal admiration. Perhaps no book extant contains more moral truisms in fewer words. For a while he was quite successful in his ministry; but he soon took to gambling and other extravagances, and became involved in debt so that he was obliged to leave England. He came to the United States, where he continued some time and then went to France. He there soon became a well known frequenter of the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal, and at one time acquired an immense fortune. But that reverse which so frequently befalls gamblers overtook him, and he afterwards became miserably poor. He has been for about seven years living at Paris in the most pitiable circumstances, among what are denominated the hells, a living monument of the vice of gambling; and he has at last finished

his unhappy career, and given verity in his dying moments to the following sentiments which we find in his *Lacon*:

"The gamester, if he dies a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven."—*Lowell Jour.*

**A Republican on a Throne.**—Before I left Stockholm, I had the honour of being invited to pay my respects to the King and Queen of Sweden; this is a distinction which Charles John is very fond of conferring upon his fellow-countrymen. It was the first time I had fairly met a crowned brow face to face, and I was under great apprehensions lest I should be doomed to hear indifferent questions put by the monarch, and confused answers given by myself. Instead of this, I had the delight of listening, for a whole hour, to his remarks on France, her revolution, his own life, his fortunes, and his scheme of policy; and they were the remarks of a shrewd and generous mind. He is the only representative of France, in her most glorious days, who has been permitted to retain a crown; it was therefore the more gratifying to me to hear him dwell with fondness on the time when he held a general's commission under the republic. Where such a man as Napoleon was turned giddy by the dazzling splendour of supreme rule, I naturally feared to find his brother-in-arms labouring under a similar disease; but it was otherwise, and I felt more than I can express on his Majesty's observing—"In me you see a Republican on a Throne."—*Ampere.*

The House of Commons last night presented an appalling display of "empty benches." Except on the front Opposition bench, all had flown, except Mr. Hume; and when Mr. Harvey was alluding to some one (Mr. O'Connell we believe) he spoke of one who had just been "compelled" to withdraw! The house was besprinkled every quarter of an hour with *chloride* of lime. Men are engaged spreading it about with watering-pots. What a time for debate!—*Morn. Her.*

"But won't you take my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had had sharp words. "No, sir," rejoined the other, "I had rather you would keep your word."

**Highland notion of tooth Brushes.**—A family in Edinburgh not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, Madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

A dramatist recently offered Mrs. Waylett a burletta for her theatre: it contained some rather gross allusions, and she declined it. "Perhaps," said the dramatist, unable to divine the cause of refusal, "you find the piece a little too long." "Not so," said Mrs. Waylett; "but I do think it a great deal too broad."

**Strange Pilgrimage.**—We find the following in a Dublin paper. On the 3d inst. a respectable looking woman, an American born, passed through a part of the county Fermanagh, on her way to Lough Derg, for the purpose of getting her sins washed away. After inquiring the nearest road, she freely detailed the cause of her extraordinary journey. She said that some time ago she hired a servant maid, a native of Ireland, who told her that were she to visit this blessed lake, and either make a station herself, or pay some one to do it for her, she would be left as free of sin as she was the hour she was born. Big with this hope, and, no doubt, her sins weighing heavily upon her, she took leave of her husband and family, took shipping for Belfast, and had, on the day mentioned, arrived near to Kish, in good health and spirits; observing, however, that she would pay some person for going through, in her stead, the prescribed process of corporal punishment in this earthly purgatory, dreading that she would not be capable of sustaining it herself.

**The Queen.**—When the stone which was thrown at the King at Ascot fell into the Royal Stand, her Majesty immediately picked it up and said, with great feeling and agitation, "This was intended for me; I am the unpopular person; but I know not why."—*Morn. Herald.*

The Americans in Paris, about 80 in number dined together on the Fourth of July in honour of the anniversary of American Independence. Samuel F. B. Morse, the President of the Academy of Design, was the President of the day, and James Fenimore Cooper, Vice President. Among the invited guests were Gen. Lafayette; Mr. Rives, U.S. Envoy and Minister; Gen. Bernard, Aid to the King; Messrs. G. W. Lafayette and Oscar Lafayette, son and grandson of the General; and Mr. Earnet, Consul of the U. S.

Citizens from almost every State were present. On his health being drank, Gen. Lafayette made a short address marked with the feelings and principles which have always distinguished his life.

#### REMARKS ON THE CHOLERA.

From the London Courier of July 13.

We have obtained a great deal from alluding to the re-appearance of the Cholera in the metropolis, under the impression that publicity might do much mischief by creating alarm, and that it would in no sense be productive of utility. It seems, however, that in many instances the precautions which experience has shown to be useful in guarding against attacks are neglected, and that it is better to alarm the timid than to indulge the confident.

It is a singular fact, that although no classes are exempt from the attack of this extraordinary disease, it has lately been more busy with the higher classes than with the ill-fed and wretched portion of the population; so that it can no longer be said, as was observed by a Noble Duke, four months ago, when speaking of the Reform Bill, that the Cholera was the only thing that respected the Aristocracy. It is concluded that no precautions are availing against the disease, considering that the rich and the middle classes possess all those supposed means of warding it off, which are denied to the poor and wretched. This is a dangerous delusion. In the first place, it does not follow that because food and raiment are possessed by the richer classes in abundance, there may not be among them other strong predisposing causes for the attack of the disease. On the contrary, we should say that persons who indulge freely in what are called the comforts of life, and who expose themselves to sudden chills by the change of temperature from a heated ball-room, or a crowded theatre, to the open air, are true Cholera subjects. What filth and poverty may do in one class towards promoting the approach of Cholera, luxury and fashionable dissipation may do in another. Cleanliness and temperance, with, however, a proper use of those gentle stimulants which even the poor can obtain in moderation, will do more towards diminishing the susceptibility of the Cholera, than any other mode of prevention. It must frequently happen, that a disease so eccentric, and the origin of which is so utterly unknown, that no precaution can be availing; but if we were to inquire into the casualties, we should find that three out of four have been their own destroyers.

The necessity of precaution is the more evident as we become convinced that the disease is, when in its confirmed state, really beyond the reach of medicine. We hear a great deal indeed of cures having been effected by this or that mode of treatment, but how do we know that where recovery takes place it is not the spontaneous work of nature? At one time the Carbonate of Soda, freely administered, was said to effect a cure—at another Saline Injections into the veins of the patients, on the ingenious supposition that such a process would restore to the blood the peculiar property of which it is deprived by Cholera. But who now places any dependence on Saline Injections, or the use of Soda?

The apparent result of a few cases, treated by injections of this kind, did, indeed, seem to promise a mode of treatment as successful as it was ingenious; but it should not be concealed that of the patients who appeared to have recovered, some relapsed, and others died of a new disease—inflammation of the veins, caused by the process, which is at all times a dangerous one, from the great liability of the veins to inflammation, and the probability of admitting atmospheric air, which, even in the minutest quantity, is fatal to the patient.

The medical profession, generally, with a candour which is the result of education, and which contrasts powerfully with the mischievous confidence arising from ignorance, confess that they are baffled by the disease; and without relaxing in investigations which may eventually add to the treasures of science a remedy for the Cholera, they recommend precautionary measures to persons of all classes. This is the true course, and at this particular season of the year, when the rich and the poor are given to over-indulgence in the use of fruits, and uncooked vegetables, we would particularly recommend temperance. It may appear strange to some, perhaps, but the assertion is nevertheless true, that for one constitution with which fruit taken otherwise than moderately will agree, there are fifty on which it acts almost as a poison.

The French papers are speculating on the probable duration of the Cholera in Paris and London, and as to whether it is likely to take up its residence permanently with us. If we are to reason by what we know of other diseases as well as this, we must say that it is highly probable it will be acclimated both in France and Great Britain. There are a variety of diseases now common to Europe, which were unknown some centuries ago, and it is rare indeed that any epidemic can be completely exterminated. With respect to the Cholera, it should be observed that wherever it had appeared once, whether in the East or in Europe, it has made its re-appearance under the form and with the character of an epidemic. In some instances its visit is annual, and its ravages are unvaried—in others it is more eccentric, and uncertain as to time; but where it has once shown itself, there will it be again; sooner or later—its seeds, like those of vegetable fungi, being unseen, but always in existence.

**Garcia.**—The father of Madame Malibran died lately at Paris.

## THE HULAN TO HIS CHARGER.

Stand, my good charger! steady stand!  
In thy thick mane I wreath my hand,  
As bounding from the yellow sand,  
We go to fight for Fatherland!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Let others punt the prize to gain,  
In rival race on festal plain,  
Be ours to join the martial train,  
Where warriors' blood flows fast and free!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Hark! 'tis the clarion's clanging lay,  
'Tis answer'd by the joyous throng,  
Forth to the battle's maddening fray,  
Glory or death! to us to-day!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

The sabre gleams, the cuirass clanks,  
Now side by side in charging ranks,  
Like Don Quixote when he bursts his bands,  
We dash upon the banner'd ranks!

Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Edith Somers, Journalist.

## CALASPO.

A TALE OF THE LIGURIAN MOUNTAINS.  
(Continued.)

The pursuit of Calaspo was obviously at an end for the night. The Austrian brigadier had other pursuits to provide for before morning, and on an express from Fort Dauphin, the whole force was moved up the mountain. From this time all was terror in the castle, and the thunder of cannon upon the entrenchments of the hills. During the whole night the air was filled with the huge trails of the shells throwing fire over the enemy's columns, the keen rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery swelling upon every gust of the Alpine wind. It was now evident that the action was more than an affair of jacquets. Some of the prisoners, who were brought into the castle by the Austrian chasseurs, declared that the whole French, whose headquarters had been at Giorgio for the last six months, and who were reported to be perfectly disorganized, had been in march for the last three days; that a general, an Italian, had been sent from Paris to take the command, who had pledged his head for the conquest of Italy; and that a hundred thousand men were following them down the mountain. This intelligence was at first looked upon as French rhapsodies; but the prisoners had already been consigned to the care of the rear-guard, when a burst of the evening wind from the hills showed that the enemy had burst through the entire Austrian position, and were forcing the passes in irresistible numbers.

The sight was now one of the most striking that could be witnessed. As far as they reached, volumes of fire were incessantly rolling out, the only indication of the struggle where the front struggle lay; from time to time the explosion of an ammunition-wagon, or the fall of a village, threw a fearful splendour on the night; and the advancing push of the musketry, the sure mark of the enemy's gaining ground, showed where the Austrians were giving way. Spinola's experience told him what must be the result; and, with a sigh, he remained on the ground in front of the castle from the commencement of the action, like a traveler above the clouds, looking at the lightnings and the storm beneath his feet.

But a despatch from the Austrian general, which reached him before dawn, broke up all his military reveries. The despatch contained but the words:—"The French have beaten us, will beat us again, and will beat us every day, till they beat us over the Tyrol. They are commanded by Bonaparte, a Corsican, who has more brains than the Aulic Council, and all our generals put together. Fort Dauphin will be taken by day-break, and then nothing can save your chateau from being plundered, and your family, perhaps, from being massacred. Fly instantly."

The advice was not thrown away. Spinola knew the course of things too well, and knew that the farther he placed himself out of the line of a French campaign, the more wisely he consulted for his comfort; pressed his lips to his daughter's white forehead, felt that with her he still had a treasure worth all the chateaux that could be left behind; and gave instant orders for a general flight across the hills. A few packhorses bore all the luggage that this hurried movement allowed him to carry with him. Melanie here her mother's jewels, the Marquis's picture. The valets gathered what the confusion of the hour suffered them to bring away. The melancholy train set out in the midst of a renewed roar of battle, and moving along the summit of the Côté, by the blaze of shells and howitzers, paused for a moment on the summit, to give a last look to the scene which had witnessed so many peaceful hours. There they saw, with a new outburst of mingled sorrow, wrath, and vengeance, the blaze of musketry, which showed them a strong French column bursting like an eruption of lava through every fissure of the precipices above and round the castle. The Austrians, surrounded by this unexpected advance, evidently defended themselves with great obstinacy, and fighting step by step, at last retreated to the walls, which now began to feel the effects of the French guns. The windows of the unfortunate chateau now poured forth volleys of musketry, and the spots which had once heard nothing louder than the tones of the Signora Melanie's harp, or the songs of the birds in answer, were now sending into all the mountains a fierce and perpetual uproar, which they echoed with their thunder. The contest fluctuated long, and in every moment of it the hearts of the unhappy gazers, from the summit of the pass, vibrated with some new agitation.

At length, from the very casement, among whose lilies and roses the fair arm of the mistress of the mansion had rested the evening before, and where she had sat watching the moon, with the delight of one of those spirits of the Persian paradise that inhale their life from flowers, whirled forth a volume of livid flame with a loud explosion. A shell from the French batteries had fallen upon the chamber, and, blowing up, had set every thing in it instantly in a blaze.

This was a chamber of recollections deep and dear; the old memorials of a dead parent, the presents of living friends, the thousand fond remembrances of hours of lovely and lonely thought, of brilliant acquirement, of intellectual joy, and perhaps of those dreams of young passion that hover on pinions of more than mortal power and brightness round the solitude of genius and beauty. The attendants, as they saw the whole mansion rapidly absorbed by the flames, exhibited the frenzy of Italian grief, called on their saints with furious reproaches of their negligence, tore their hair, flung themselves on the ground, gnashed their teeth, and threatened all the Frenchmen on the face of the globe with severe retribution from the dagger. Spinola, in deep dejection, only pressed his daughter to his breast, and wiped away her tears. Melanie promised to be calm, and only wept the more. One expression of her father's name aroused her. After a pause of thought, he burst out with, "That ungrateful villain, Calaspo! It was he, who, I am now confident, drew this night's attack upon us. The French could never have found their way through the hills without a guide; and his flight furnished them with just the one which they wanted." Melanie doubted; Spinola was strong in his opinion. "The villain knew every spot of the ground; and I even recollect his having talked to me, not twelve hours since, of the probability of their surprising the Austrians."

Melanie listened with surprise, but without conviction. She was not then in the mind to argue. But she could affirm, and without hesitation she declared her belief, that the fugitive forerunner was totally guiltless. Spinola smiled at the generous incredulity of youth; but repeated his conviction, pronouncing aloud that Calaspo was at once "an assassin and a traitor." As he spoke the words, a rushing in the thicket behind startled him, he hid his hand upon his sword, and in the next moment Calaspo stood before him. He had evidently been in the engagement, for his arm was aching, and the blood from a sabre wound was still trickling from his forehead. He was as evidently worn out with fatigue, and it was some time before he could recover breath. He eagerly waved his hand, every feature of his powerful visage writhed, his speech would not come. At length he uttered words, "Signor, you have named me an assassin and a traitor, I am both, and yet neither. But the time is short. I am wounded, perhaps mortally. I have come to tell you, that in five minutes more you will be surrounded by a battalion of the French chasseurs, whom I left marching up the pass." Spinola looked full in his countenance, and pronounced sternly, "Repeat, sir. How can I trust you? You have not even attempted to betray your master." Calaspo's cheek flushed as red as the blood that dropped down it. He staggered back a few paces and fell then throwing open his cloak, showed his bosom covered with gore, and said, "Sir, if I am dying, let me have justice. It was I who wounded the Austrian Count, because he drew on me, and would have taken my life. It was I who led the French through the ravines, because in my departure from a castle, where, whether I deserved friends or not, I had left none; I was taken prisoner, and dragged along with them. But it was in defence of that castle, that I received these wounds, and to save this portrait for the Lady Melanie, that I crept through the midst of the enemy's fire, and followed you up the mountain." He gave the portrait to the lady, who received it with deep gratitude. It was her father's, and set round with brilliant stars that had once adorned the portrait of King.

But there was now no time for thanks. For the sound of the *timballade* was rising at the roots of the hill. "Fly for your lives," said Calaspo, with a faint attempt to rise. Spinola had felt his old compassion alive again, and paused. "How can we ever repay you?" said Melanie, leaning forward from her father's arm, and in a voice soft as the dew that fell round her. "Suffer me to kiss your hand," sighed the victim. The hour was dark—the world's eyes were sightless—Spinola himself was wrapt in reverie on consenting to this simple kindness to the dying. Melanie gave the hand, and felt it clasped with a wild pressure, that thrilled unaccountably through her frame. She attempted to withdraw it. But it was clasped still closer; it was pressed to the lips, to the cheeks, to the forehead, as if to convince her that it had kindled a flame in every feature. She felt her own cheeks burn. Neither spoke a syllable. But in that hour a secret voice told her that she had never loved before, and that she then loved for ever; a new light seemed to have dawned upon her mind. A new stream of existence seemed to have been poured into her being. She seemed to have found a new soul.

A volley of bullets showered on them through the trees, striking down branch and leaf, and covering them with fragments of the rocks. "Away, away," exclaimed Calaspo, starting from his trance. "Away, away," exclaimed Spinola, drawing his sword, and not knowing where to turn for his life. "Away, away," exclaimed the crowd of attendants, overthrowing each other and every thing else in the general confusion.

There was but one voice which uttered no word, and one step which made no movement. The Signora Melanie continued with her eyes fixed on the form of their friend, protector, and victim. In that moment, years passed through her mind. She remembered the night of her preservation from death, the night of the storm, the precipice, the heroic intrepidity with which Calaspo had flung himself down from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, until he arrested her fall, on the edge of a chasm a thousand feet deep. She remembered, too, the noble qualities which not even his peasant cloak could hide, the manly bearing, the fine physiognomy, the sweet impressive tongue; the talent for all and every thing. Even a new key was given by that hour to looks and sighs, to the sudden dejection and extravagant joy, which till then had been enigmas to her. Genius and beauty had made their impressions on her unconscious mind, and it was only on this night, that the depth and glow of that impression was revealed to her eye.

But for these feelings of young passion, the most feverish and poignant that can sting the human heart, what an hour was chosen! All around them was dismay, plunder, flight, ruin. The labour of years was trampled by the hoofs of the French cavalry—the wealth of generations was burnt up before their glance. Even if this night was not to end their career, where were they to turn? France was a horde of hostile barbarians—Italy was a reign of terror—Germany was falling to pieces with invasion and insurrection; and where was the lord of a castle in ashes, of domains in the hands of the French commissioners, and of hopes only beyond the earth, to hale his heavy head, and shelter his daughter? But with that daughter all was concentrated in the dying man. To leave him to perish by the enemy, was suddenly felt to be the greatest of human crimes; all clarity seemed to be leaped up in the single one of seeing his face no more on this side of the grave. Life seemed at once to have become worthless without him; and death at his side, but a simple act of duty, a natural fulfilment of the law of her being, a calm and hallowed termination of a career of truth, feeling, and happiness. Melanie loved like an Italian, with her whole spirit touched by lightning.

Put the more earthly flame of a lover, which had just been dragged to the base of the precipice above their heads, to play upon the retreating columns of the Austrians in the valley, at once showed the whole party to each other, and showed the madness of lingering there. Calaspo's resolution was taken. He had heard, in the broken confessions of those lips, whose words to him were oracles, "that he must not be left behind." His sagacity knew, that the attempt to carry him off must cause the inevitable capture of all. His generosity determined to save them at all personal risk. And by an extraordinary effort, more of mind than body, he rose from the ground, and tottering a few steps down the hill, threw himself into the midst of the advancing battalion. The enemy, startled by his appearance, paused for a moment, and, in the next, recognising him for one of the mountaineers, ordered him to the front as a guide. He was mounted on a mule, and next forward to lead the 75th demi-brigade of the republic, one and indivisible to glory. He led up paths where they might have gained glory from the goats, for no other faces would have taken post there; he led them down ravines, where they might have fought pitched battles against the bears and the wolves, if their wiser devastators had been belligerent enough to wait for them. But no human being did the warriors of freedom dismount from either dungeon or castle, from the tyranny of kings, or the troubles of this world. The 75th demi-brigade returned, after a week's tour among marble tumblers, forests of pine, silver-toning cataracts, and fountains dark, deep, and cool, as the bottom of a mine. And Calaspo, on his mule, rode home at their head to Barcelonnette, to leave his fellow tourists shoeless, footless, and heartless, leading the Alps with maledictions, to which only the tourists had been entitled, and sick of castle-hunting for the rest of their lives. Calaspo did not escape without the honours of war. The enthusiasm of the demi-brigade for gathering laurels among the rocks had no sooner cooled, than the Frenchmen began to suspect that they were deceived; the next idea was, that they were laughed at—an affront never pardoned, nor pardonable, by any Gaul from Picardy to Provence. Calaspo was accordingly degraded from his office as guide, and brought back with the corps as a prisoner.

Those were times when justice, if not always wise, was expeditious; and the drumhead-tribunal, before which the prisoner was carried within the next twenty-four hours, contenting itself with the simple process of asking him his name, country, and pursuit, found him, on the strength of these facts, guilty of being a "spy, an assassin of Frenchmen," and a beguiler of their steps on an expedition which otherwise must have covered the 75th demi-brigade with glory. The prisoner made his defence with sufficient earnestness, and denied all intention of laughing at a nation so impervious to all ridicule as the French. But the defence had the misfortune of aggravating the charge. He was remanded to the dungeon without delay, but with the notice, that within twelve hours he was to be shot on the glacis of Barcelonnette.

There had been periods in Calaspo's career, when this intelligence would have been as welcome as any other. But the night of the battle on the hills had thrown a new light on him, and strangely altered his theory of existence. He felt that he had only just begun to live, when life was to be torn from him. He

grew indignant, gloomy, furious, and ashamed of his fury. He reckoned and measured one by one the stones in the wall of his dungeon; he sounded the vault under it with his heel, to discover some weaker part, some crevice, through which he might evade the jailer and the platoon, and escape to the sun and air again. He climbed up to the casement, tried the strength of its bars, found them, as he might have expected, not to be moved by either his strength or his sorrows; and fell back upon the pavement again, envying the beggar that whined at the prison gates, or the deserter who was shot the day before. But all these experiments did not retard the progress of day and night, and the town-clock of Barcelonnette at length gave signal of the beginning of the last twelve hours that were to be spent by him in meditations or murmurings in this world.

In the evening, the French commandant, mellowed probably by dinner, and the captured champagne of the Piedmontese field-marshal whom he had ejected from the governorship, ordered one of his aides-de-camp to enquire, whether "the Italian scoundrel who was to be shot next morning, had any thing to ask for himself, or any one else; a father confessor for his sins, if such must be the everlasting folly of his country; or any message to send to his wife, or his dear ones."

The aide-de-camp was despatched; the keeper of the dungeons despatched his subordinate, at the sight of the commandant's signature and the aide-de-camp's epaulettes, and the deputy of the deputy ushered the aide-de-camp into the cell where Calaspo was lying on the pavement, wrapped in his cloak, and thinking of the parting presence of the Signora Melanie's hand. The aide-de-camp announced his business, but the prisoner had too nearly done with the business of this earth, to venerate even the plumage of the *etat major* of the most gallant and plumed army under the sun.

He, too, had sensations new to him, but solemn, high, and absorbing, beyond all other that besiege the mind of man. Although accustomed to a career of hazard, and leading the wild life of a mountaineer, a hunter, and a soldier, he now, for the first time, felt himself within the grasp of death. He had faced death often, but it was in hot blood, with that glow and enterprise which almost extinguishes danger with the extinction of the sense of danger. He had leaped the precipice, where a false step would have dashed him to atoms; he had swum the torrent, where the strength of man seemed but as a weed on the waters; he had fought in the face of batteries, every discharge of which laid hundreds low. He had but within a few days rushed into one of the hottest actions of the war, and, though desperately wounded, yet had never felt the image of death before him. But now, in the loneliness of his cell, in the dreary silence that seemed made to let his bitter thoughts have their full revel in his heart; in the sullen sounds that, at intervals, broke that dreary silence, the knell of the curfew, the watchword of the jailers, the measured tread of the sentinels, he had time and subject for meditation that let in a new world of ideas upon him.

He had concluded.

THE CHOLERA.  
From the Atlas.

At a time when the public mind is so much and so properly engrossed with the question of the manner in which the Cholera is propagated, we think the following quotation from a recent English Treatise on the Sources of Health and Disease in Communities, will be apposite and of useful tendency.

"As soon as some new disease is imported from abroad, or arises in some spot at home, from which it spreads through the community, discussions and contentions arise on all sides as to its having simply an epidemic character, or one that is contagious, or both. These discussions are important, and the contention of men and discrepancy of facts is so great, that we should be perplexed indeed, did not a simple reflection occur to solve the difficulty. The contagious, as well as the malignant character of diseases, depends mostly, if not entirely, upon the degree of vital energy, and the narrowness of the space, &c. within which those who suffer from it are confined. At Madeira, in the south of France, and elsewhere, consumption is deemed contagious, on account of the number of sufferers that resort to those parts. Authors have enumerated many other complaints which we deem non-contagious, as contagious under similar circumstances. For instance, Dr. Crichton and Dr. Fordyce, both physicians of high authority in medical science, have considered theague as contagious, &c. &c. Therefore it would appear that epidemics, like the cholera, may be conditionally contagious. In the narrow streets, in the dark blind alleys, and small rooms, where human beings are found, of immoral and filthy habits, ground down, moreover, by poverty, labour, and misfortune—by every thing, in a word, that affects vitality—in such places it is that epidemics first appear, and then grow into contagion. If persons who can command comforts and conveniences are attacked by the invading disease, its contagious character disappears, or no longer betrays itself, and then it is rashly pronounced only an epidemic, or disease from local miasmata, or influences. There appears no limit to the violence of morbid power; sometimes it strikes down its victim with the rapidity of lightning, at others sweeps away thousands with the force of a hurricane; even in our temperate regions, we have lately seen 1600 or 1700 persons die in a night! In such a crisis, no one can think of the disease, but as an evil riding upon the



wind—an epidemic; contagion, which there is no time to trace from individual to individual, is forgotten. When, however, the storm is passed, and we can contemplate more calmly the wreck of life, it behooves us to derive from its examination precautionary rules for our guidance in dangers of more common occurrence. Should we neglect occasions of studying disease on a large scale, of unravelling the intricacies of its history, of tracing out contagion where it is mixed up with the emanations from inanimate objects, we remain not only the blind slaves of system, but the ready prey to new evils."

In the hasty remarks offered last week, on the suggestion of Chlorine or Oxymuriatic Acid, or of Chlorine Ether, for medicinal use in Cholera, we named both the articles, because both had arguments in their favour, and how far they might resemble each other in their effects could not be known except by trial. Whether the specific virtues of Chlorine are increased or diminished in the combination mentioned, we cannot, *a priori*, determine, nor whether there will be any peculiar advantage found in the conjunction of the ethereal qualities. Other preparations of Chlorine were passed over as not appearing to promise any thing which the simple fundamental article did not promise more efficiently; and especially because in one case where the pure Chlorine was found to be omnipotent, that of poisoning by Prussic Acid, the Chlorides of Lime and Soda were found entirely without effect.

Life and activity have resumed their influence amongst us. Broadway, the very focus of their wonted exhibitions, after being so many weeks deserted, and offering to the beholder only a depressing scene of solitude and silence, is now alive with all the stir of business and cheerful with the animation of a crowded promenade.

The diminution of disease and death has been constant for five weeks past; and we trust may continue. In the daily mortality there has been a considerable variation; the lowest total number of deaths since the name of the pestilence being on the 12th instant, (37), and the lowest by the Cholera, in the same time, on the 21st; when it was reduced to 16—nine less than on any other day for six or seven weeks. Should the report of interments for the 24 hours ending at 8 this morning not exceed the average of the six last days, the whole number of deaths for this week will be nearly forty less than in the week preceding, and those by Cholera diminished more than thirty. It is remarkable that during the seven days ending on the 12th inst. the number of deaths by Cholera was precisely equal to those from all other causes.

The report of the Board of Health yesterday, gave the following particulars: New cases of Cholera in priv. prac. 18, hosp. 20, Bellevue 9; 38; deaths in priv. prac. 8, hosp. 11, B. O. 19. At Yorkville 5 & 1 d. Interments 68; by Cholera 30. It will be observed that the Cholera has increased for three days past—though not very materially—this may perhaps be owing in part to our population being much augmented; but is chiefly attributable, we fear, to imprudence and inattention among the people, who are too prone to relax into improper and unsafe indulgences, and to become negligent of the precautions of cleanliness, and the avoidance of other exposures. It is a duty which all owe alike to themselves, their friends and their country, to keep a continual watchfulness on this subject, both for their individual preservation, and for hastening the period of our deliverance from this formidable evil.

#### THE POLES.

On our next page will be found the concluding paragraphs of an address by the Polish National Committee to the President of the United States, in reference to finding an asylum for the refugees of that nation now in France, should events compel them to retire from that country. We should rejoice to see them partaking of the safety and protection of a residence amongst us; but trust they may yet meet with a dwelling place still more congenial with their feelings and their patriotism. The London papers contain another document emanating from the same body, and dated on the 29th of May, which is a moving appeal to the British House of Commons. The address, premising the confidence of its authors in the sentiment proclaimed by Mackintosh, that England was the last refuge of liberty, calls on the representatives of that nation to decide whether the crime of the partition of Poland shall forever remain unexpiated, and whether free Europe shall sanction the power in despots to cancel from the map of Europe such a country, and deprive it of existence.

The history of the wrongs of Poland, and of the aggressions of Russia, Austria and Prussia—especially the former power, and her objects of political supremacy in Europe—so familiar to the readers of the Atlas, are concisely but forcibly presented; and the Polish Committee, without any specific suggestion of the course they are desirous England should pursue, invite her attention to the existing state of things, and call for her countenance to their own purposes. Even in this disastrous period, they say, ready again to fly to arms, the Poles trust, Representatives of Great Britain, that you will afford them that opportunity. They conclude their appeal in the following eloquent and spirited language:

"We alone entertain a hope, a certainty, that Poland shall not perish as long as we live, and that ere long it shall be restored to its ancient state of power, liberty, and independence. Our motto, from Shakespeare, 'To be, or not to be,' shows our firm

determination to accomplish the object we have proposed to ourselves. It is with that intention we now claim the protection of Great Britain, and their representatives. We are ready to undergo the most trying hardships and sufferings, and to make the greatest sacrifices, to re-conquer our independence, and restore our country to its primitive state. The efforts we have made for the last sixty years we set forth as our title to the interest of the representatives of Great Britain, at a moment when the liberty of mankind is in danger, and requires their attention and particular solicitude." The address was signed by 1632 Senators, Deputies, Generals, and other public functionaries of Poland. We await with interest the results of Lord Durham's mission to St. Petersburg.—Atlas.

**APPEAL OF THE POLES TO THE UNITED STATES.**—The Boston Courier publishes a document signed by the Polish National Committee, addressed to President Jackson, to enquire whether, if the Poles should be forced to leave Europe, by the persecution of their enemies, they would be afforded an asylum in the United States. After speaking in high terms of the sympathy expressed for them by our countrymen in Paris, they acknowledge the contributions made in this country for their relief, besides retracing the history of their late heroic struggle against Russia, and the sufferings they have since endured, the Committee conclude in these words.

So much sympathy shown to the Polish cause emboldens us to hope that the government of the United States will not deny us its assistance. If it should happen through a fatality without example in the records of the world, that the Poles, persecuted in Europe, should be under the hard and cruel necessity of directing their last course towards a transatlantic shore, they would demand friendship from the United States, in whose country they know misfortune is ever sure to find a refuge. Nevertheless as the number of our countrymen might amount to between 3 and 4000 men, destitute of arms and resources and consequently in imminent danger, they deem it expedient to warn the government of their determination to claim its aid.

Under those circumstances, it is important for them to be informed with all possible despatch, to what extent they may rely on the protection and support of the United States; what condition would be required of those who should seek an asylum in the republic, what would be the nature of their relations with and duties towards the States of the Union, and how far their nationality could be guaranteed without interfering with the institutions and interests of the country? They further request to be informed, would the government secure a safe passage across the Ocean; by providing them with a safe conduct which would preserve them in their navigation from dangers they would otherwise have to encounter?

Such are the questions which the Polish National Committee take the liberty to address to the Supreme Chief of the United States. They consider it a most fortunate circumstance that their sentiments and wishes should be conveyed to him through the medium of Dr. Howe, who by his zeal and exertions in our behalf has acquired additional right to the gratitude of the Poles.

We remain, General, with the most profound respect, your Excellency's most obedient servants,  
The President of the National Committee,

(Signed) LEEVEL JOACHIM,  
LEONARD CHODKO,  
ANTONY BLESZCIEWICZ,  
JOSEPH ZALOSKI,  
ANTONY FORCISZOWSKI,  
E. RYKARTOWSKI,  
MICHEL STIEPE,  
EDWARD WODZINSKI.

#### THE CONSCRIPT AND HIS DOG.

The military execution almost consummated, and only stayed by the faithful attachment of a dog, of which we present a sketch in this day's paper, has been made the subject of a very fine engraving, with which doubtless many of our readers are acquainted.—Atlas.

"The sergeant and the priest advanced: the two friends embraced and kissed each other: Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and, kneeling on one knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support: the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front of Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white-clothed figure, thus set in relief by the dark ground beyond, presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice—'I am ready.' The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, 'No—I pray I may be spared that—let me see my death; I am not afraid of it.' The priest, after consulting the sergeant's looks, withdrew the handkerchief: Colon retired to the place where Reaumer and the other soldier were: and the priest, after having received from his penitent the assurance that he died in charity with all mankind, and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the kiss of Christian love, also retired on one side. Colon gave the word of command—'Prepare!'—the twelve muskets were brought forward—'Present!'—they were levelled. The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the short pang of hearing the fatal word 'Fire!' when Rollo, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side. He had

been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum, and, looking up at what was going on, perceiving Jean knelt kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly-heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger: his whining was unheard, or unheeded; he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which, weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it when in the out-house at Charle, soon gave way, and, as above mentioned, he sprang with a yell to his master's side. But Jean's thoughts at that moment were too seriously engaged to heed even Rollo: he only raised his right arm, and gently put the dog aside, his own mild unflinching gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. But the dog was not checked by the movement of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseechingly laid back, he struggled hard to get nearer to him. Colon felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer (who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes), that he should try to coax the dog off: he did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in the telling, all that passed from the time of Rollo's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment. Still it was a delay; and the men were ready to fire: and Colon, not thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorise a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, 'Great pity—the poor fellow will die too!'—He turned his face again to his men; and was again about to give the signal, when he was

a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle—officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line, he hastily gave the word, 'As you were;' for along a line of road to the north-east of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly plunged out a group of horsemen, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, nor so graceful a rider as many of them, though he sat firmly too, was recognised by Colon and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish a single feature of his face) by his gray frock-coat, and small flat three-cornered cocked hat. Colon gave the word of command; the soldiers shouldered their muskets, and prepared to salute; and, in another minute, Napoleon, at the head of his staff, reined up on the top of the hill. He had left the march of the grand army some leagues behind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in order, with his wonted watchfulness, to take the detachment by surprise, and see what they were about. His eagle-eye, whose glance saw every thing like another's gaze, had at once detected the party on the hill, and he had ridden from the road at full speed up the slope to discover what the object of the meeting was: a glance, too, told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and their sergeant, he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, 'Hoy! what's this!—a desertion?' 'Yes, sire—no, sire; not exactly,' stammered Colon. 'Not exactly! what then?' asked Napoleon, in a rather peevish tone, his face assuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly any thing more provoked him than hesitation on the part of those he addressed. 'Absence against orders, sire,' replied Colon. 'Ah! for how long? Is that his dog?' 'Yes, sire: only a few hours.' 'A few hours? Who gave this order, then?' 'General S—, sire.' 'What character does the man bear?' 'He is a brave man, sire.' 'He is a Frenchman,' retorted Napoleon, proudly; 'but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?' 'Yes, sire; this is his first fault.' 'M! how long has he served?' 'Three years last March, sire.' 'A louder and higher-toned 'M! escaped Napoleon; and his attention was at the same moment attracted by Reaumer, who, with a timid step, had approached the emperor; and, kneeling on one knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, 'Oh! sire, if you—if you would spare his life—he is innocent of—any intention to desert—that I can—' 'Are you his brother?' interrupted the emperor. 'No, sire,' answered Reaumer; 'his friend—his dear friend.' 'And how know you what his intentions were?' 'He told them me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I—' I advised him to meet the regiment at Labarre; and I know—' 'And what business hadst thou to advise a comrade in a breach of duty? Stand back to thy place.' And Reaumer retired, covered with shame. Napoleon beckoned Jean to him; he came, and Rollo with him; and the latter, as tho' understanding the power and authority of the man his master thus obeyed, put his fore-paws against his stirrup, and whimpered imploringly up to him—Jean looked for a moment in the emperor's face, but his gaze dropped, though without quailing, beneath that of the piercing large gray eyes that were fixed on him. After a short pause, Napoleon asked, 'Thine age? Lie down—down, good dog!' for Rollo was getting impatient. 'Twenty-five years, sire,' Jean answered. 'Why hast thou disobeyed orders?' 'I could not help it, sire.' 'Couldn't help it! How dost thou mean?' 'I was so near my friends, and so longed to see them, that indeed I could not help it, sire.' 'This a strange excuse. Down! I say, good brute!' but at the same moment that he said so, he unglued his hand, and gave it Rollo to lick; then, after a short pause, added, 'And thou sawest thy parents?' 'Yes, sire; and I was returning to the regiment, when—' 'Ah! this

is true, sergeant?' turning to Colon. 'Yes, sire, 'tis true,' answered he: 'we met him about three quarters of a league from—' 'I need not have asked, though,' interrupted Napoleon; 'the man's face looks true. Thy name?' again addressing Jean. 'Jean Gavard, sire. Down, Rollo! I fear he is troublesome to your highness!' Napoleon smiled—perhaps at the title—and answered, 'No, no; poor Rollo, he is a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair, Gavard; for the present I respite thee.' Jean knelt on his knee, and seized the emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon said, 'Stay, stay; the dog has been licking it.' But this made no difference to poor Jean, who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon drew it away, it was wet with tears. He looked on the back of his hand a moment, and his lips compressed themselves as he did so. 'They are the tears of a brave man, sire,' said he, turning to a young officer at his side, on whose features the emperor's side glance had caught a nascent smile: 'Forward!' And at full gallop the party left the ground.—Jean's feelings at this sudden escape from death, were like those of a man awakened from a frightful dream, before his senses are yet enough gathered together to remember all its circumstances. Jean had little time, however, to gather them on this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in a moment, around his neck; and the hands of his comrades—those very hands that a minute before were about to deal him death—were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape ended in one loud shout of 'Live the Emperor!'

**Lord and Lady Conyngham.**—Lady Conyngham, since becoming so celebrated in England, was then in the full bloom of her charms. In this respect, she was entitled to a brilliant reputation; but I confess I could never admire beauty so totally devoid of expression. I am not surprised at the Venus de Medicis not returning my smile, because she is a statue, and nothing but marble; but, when I approach a beautiful woman, I expect a look and expression of animated nature. This was not to be found in Lady Conyngham. She was very elegant, took great care of her beauty, dressed well, and carried the care of her person so far as to remain in bed the whole day until she dressed to go to a ball. She was of opinion, that this preserved the freshness of her complexion, which she said was always more brilliant when she did not rise till nine at night. She was a beautiful idol, and nothing more. Lord Conyngham, her husband, might be called ugly. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her frightful language, sometimes uttered smart things, said of Lord Conyngham, that he was like a comb, no teeth and back.—*Memoires de la Duchesse d'Albion.*

**Lord Yarmouth.**—"There was at this time at Paris, several other Englishmen of great distinction—in originality at least, if in nothing else. Among these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford. He had already, I suspect, formed a bad opinion of human nature—a sad thing for a man of his age and at this period; and, on his brow, in his smile, or in his look, might be perceived a cold, sardonic, and contemptuous criticism of all that surrounded him. He went little into society, but was most brilliant there whenever he chose to put on the harness, as he called it. He was passionately fond of play, risked large stakes, and played nobly. I was told that Lord Yarmouth once playing with an illustrious personage in England, lost with such continual regularity, that there seemed to be something unholy. There was, however, no one near him, the cards were good, and he played better than his adversary. At length, by dint of observation, he discovered the secret of his losses. The Court was then either at Windsor at Brighton, and the Prince Regent had brought into fashion blue coats with polished steel buttons as big as crown pieces. By this means whoever played with the Prince, had seven or eight small mirrors on his coat, which reflected every card in his hand. All this was no doubt the effect of chance, but it was a chance which made Lord Yarmouth lose thousands of pounds; and, however large a man's fortune may be, he always prefers winning to losing. As soon as Lord Yarmouth with a rapid glance detected the chance enure, he unbuttoned his coat and said, in answer to the Prince's inquiring look—"Sir, it is too hot for me here."—*Ibid.*

**Sir Walter Scott.**—Our distinguished countryman arrived at Newhaven last night, in the James Watt steam-vessel, after a passage of 47 hours. Sir Walter stood the voyage fully as well as could have been expected. The most marked and kind attention was paid to him by all persons connected with the steam vessel.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

Sir Walter Scott has stood his journey to Abbotsoford well, and been greatly soothed and gratified by finding himself at home. He was wheeled on the day after his arrival into his library, hall, &c., and spoke and looked more like himself than those about him ever hoped to witness.—*Scotsman.*

An Edinburgh paper states, that the health of Sir Walter Scott is better than is generally supposed. When he stopped at the Fushie Bridge, on his road to Abbotsoford, he immediately recognized the old lady of the house (who is supposed to be the prototype of Meg Dods), and gave her a hearty shake of the hand. The old lady has been in raptures ever since.

## MARRIED,

In this city, on the 23d, Wm. Charters, to Miss Jane Holmes.

On the 27th, Edward C. Matthews, to Miss Ellen Berry, of Paterson.

At Phelps, Ontario county, M. Francis Windsor, of this city, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Burns.

At Bellows Falls, Hamilton Smith, Esq. of Washington City, to Miss Martha Hall, daughter of the late Hon. William Hall.

At Savannah, G. B. Hopkins, of New York, to Mrs. Naomi Wood.

At Courtland, Ala. Wm. V. Chardovoyne, of New York, to Miss Martha Watkins, of the former place.

## DIED,

In this city, on the 23d, Dr. John Onderdonk, aged 69 years.

On the 24th, Miss Isabella Slider, aged 41.

On the 23d, Mrs. Charity Myers, widow of Cornelius C. Myers, aged 65.

On the 25th, Bridget McLintyre, wife of Farrel McLintyre, aged 30.

On the 11th, Wm. Maxwell, shipwright, aged 63.

In July last, Thomas Robertson, son of the late George Robertson, aged 28.

On the 25th, Daniel Hawthurst, son of the late Daniel Hawthurst, aged 17.

On the 27th, Catherine, wife of Edward Giles, aged 23 years.

On the 27th, Hester Douglas, aged 25.

On the 26th, Captain Thomas Anderson, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 26th, David Remney, aged 61.

On the 26th, Camilla, wife of Joel F. Randolph, of N. Orleans.

At Brooklyn, Abraham E. Brouwer, a soldier of the revolution, aged 79.

At Albany, of cholera, Hugh Frazer, agent of the Hudson and Mohawk Rail Road Co., David Martin, Esq.; John McIlhench; Mrs. Holmes, wife of Israel Holmes, aged 30—Mr. H. died on the Saturday previous. They leave a family of ten orphan children, though not destitute of property.

At Norwalk, Conn. M. Potts, Esq., in the 74th year of his age, one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of that place.

At Jersey City, Wm. Brower, aged 72.

At Princeton, New Jersey, Susan, relict of Isaac Horner, aged 62.

At Elizabeth City, Capt. Guy C. Wheeler, master of the steamboat Walter Raleigh.

## JAMES HARRIS,

Historical and Landscape Engraver,

No. 45 Liberty st. [Sept.-Oct.]

**MISS GILBERT'S Boarding and Day School.**—Miss Angelica Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Beleecher street (near Le Roy Place) in a very nice and situated, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.

Two rudiments, as well as the higher branches, equal in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the most masters; and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev. Mr. Cullen, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Esq., Leonard Kip, George Simpson, Obedia Edwards, John Cull, Esq., and others whose names have been at her school.

New York April 25, 1832.

**LAKE ONTARIO.**—The splendid steamer *Great Britain*

Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two box pressure engines of 90 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, 25, August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz: July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the *Great Britain* are finished in the same manner as the New York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and move regularly.

Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1832. c. i. a.

**SYLVESTER.** 134 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 30 for 1832, drawn Aug. 29—23 63 28 35 20 1 25 30 42 6.

Sylvester need not enumerate the long list of capital prizes, which have been sold by him in the last few months; the hundreds of families and individuals which have become independent and happy from their application to his office are the best proof of his past success, and promise well for the future. The "All-India" would therefore call the attention of his patrons and friends throughout the U. States and Canada to the following brilliant schemes. Tickets can always be obtained by application at his office, either by letter or otherwise.

Sept. 5—Class 31, of \$10,000, called Sylvester's lottery... \$100,000, a month, \$10,000, 10,000, 10,000, &c. Never before were such splendid prizes to be obtained for \$10—its almost incredible. Tickets should give this scheme their attention, and they will find the terms of Sylvester most advantageous.

Oct. 17—Class 32, another real mammoth, consisting of prizes of \$50,000, 25,000, 10,000, 5,000, &c. Never before were such splendid prizes to be obtained for \$10—its almost incredible. Tickets should give this scheme their attention, and they will find the terms of Sylvester most advantageous.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I long to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail must be accompanied by a personal application addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

N. B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who send with Sylvester.

State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.

**SIR**—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be held on the 25th, 26th, and 27th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And, also, that a Senator is to be chosen to the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several Wards in your County will give notice of the Election of Four Representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District, and that 12 electors of President and Vice-President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.

Sheriff City of New York.

All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office.

August 5 act.

## PASSAICK HOUSE, Belleville, N. Jersey.

**D. PULLINGER**, respectfully informs the public that she has opened a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. June 6-c.

## OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

**MR. BRYAN**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

## INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

**PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR**, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amosiah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6-cifm.

## SAMUEL KENNEDY,

**CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER**, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

For, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. May 16-c.

## NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

**THE proprietor** of this Bath, encouraged by its numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of Ladies only; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to which every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of recreations, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the special purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, \$1; fifteen tickets, \$2 50; thirty-five tickets, \$5; and eighty tickets, \$10. May 9-c&i

**LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.**

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June, 1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.

1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to

E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, near South st. N. York.

may 9-c&i

## MEDICATED SILK OIL.

**BY Lake Daries**, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N. B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating.

*Chloric, Phosphoric, and Sulphuric Ether, and Spirits Hartshorn.*

**THE subscriber** offers now to the public the above mentioned articles, which he warrants to be of the purest quality, and the strongest to be met with; he wishes that any medical men in this city or the country might find an opportunity for trying the qualities of the Chloric Ether, which he would then very readily deliver gratis. For sale wholesale and retail by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

August 8-c.

**CHLORIDE OF SODA** at 75 cents per gallon.—The subscriber offers for sale the best quality of Chloride Soda at 75 cents per gallon, and in bottles at 50 cents per bottle. Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

June 20.

## OIL OF MUSTARD.

A most important and valuable substitute for the Mustard Seed, which is an indispensable medicine for the Cholera Morbus, for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

June 20.

## C. A. ZEITZ,

Manufacturer of Surgical Instruments,

Corner Walker and Elm-sts. N. Y.

**WHERE** all the various instruments used by surgeons are made equal to any imported. Also, polishing military arms, grinding, &c.

N. B. Mr. Z. has recently erected a patent machine for grinding, which enables him to despatch work with promptness and in a superior manner. aug 18-c4m.

## FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

**Sundays**—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 A.M., 11 A.M., 1 P.M., and 7 1/2 P.M.

**Other days**—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4 1/2 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 5 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 4 1/2 A.M., 10 1/2 A.M., 3 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

**STAGES** will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick's, West street, one door north of Amos. May 9-c&i.

**HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.**

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s

Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 A.M. from the east side of County slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat *LEGISLATOR*, Captain J. R. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamer *Legislator* will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock A.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the *Legislator*, if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

## TO THE LADIES.

**L. CHAPMAN**, 69 William st. one door from Cedar st., would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Drawing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Baskets*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N. B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

## REMOVAL.

**PIANO FORTE STORE,**

335 Broadway, near Wall-st.

**M. V. GREGIER** begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metallic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N. B. Dealers are invited to call: they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. May 30-cily.

**U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,**

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

**LUKE DAVIES** informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youthfuls, and Infants, at his old established Store, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Caps, Stocks, Cravat Stuffers, Pantaloon-Straps and Springs, Vest Springs, Suspenders, Gloves, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd Meslin and Oil'd Linen, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.

June 13-city.

## LORIN BROOKS, BOOT-MAKER.

No. 21 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. June 13.

## BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. RUSSING, Manufacturer,

79 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

## ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum boils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

## CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache, there ever have been and ever will be, receipts; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

The Alcoholic Solution of Camphor.

THIS article has been prepared by the order of Dr. Graham, Channing, Dekay and Wilson, who have been using it most successfully during the whole of the prevalent epidemic, and is made according to their prescription, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 377 Broadway.

August 8-c.